

BOYS, READ THE RADIO ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

No. 1367

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1925

Price 7 Cents

SECRET SERVICE.

THE BRADYS AND THE MAN NEXT DOOR.

By A. NEW YORK DETECTIVE

AND OTHER STORIES



As Harry leaned out the window the noose of a lasso encircled him. He grabbed the window casing to save himself from being pulled out. Alice screamed and seized his coat and Old King Brady rushed to her assistance.

SECRET SERVICE

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The Bradys and the Man Next Door

OR, THE MYSTERY HOUSE ON HIGH STREET

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE

CHAPTER I.—That Noisy House Next Door.

"Yes," said the elderly man with the yellow tie, as he lit a fresh cigar, "I have given up trying to solve the mystery or to rent the house. My intention is to pull it down next spring. It is old-fashioned, anyway, and I can get a better return for my money by putting up a flat. Very likely I shall pull my own house down, too, and build a pair of them."

"And how will your neighbors like that?" asked the little man seated opposite. "High street has not started to run to flats yet. It would be a pity to set the pace. Perhaps you don't know it, but I own the house at the end of your block, Judge Acton."

The man with the yellow tie seemed but mildly interested.

"Indeed," he said. "So you know me. Might I ask your name?"

"It is Redding—J. C. Redding. I no longer live in Denver, although I did at the time I purchased that property. You were then just coming to the front as a practising lawyer. Since then you have been several terms on the bench, and—"

"And am now on the retired list," broke in Judge Acton. "But really, Mr. Redding, something has to be done with that house next door."

This conversation took place in the smoking compartment of the Pullman San Pedro, of the Denver flyer, one evening in May, 19—. There were two other smokers in this Pullman compartment, one a grave looking gentleman, who had as yet not mingled in the conversation, but he "butted in" now, saying:

"Gentleman, I could not, of course avoid hearing your conversation. May I ask, Judge Acton, if you have tried detectives?"

"Twice," replied the judge. "Two years ago I gave the case to the famous Pinkerton Agency of Chicago. They worked over it for a month and could make nothing of the mystery except a good-sized bill for me to pay. One of our local detectives had it in hand before that with the same lack of success."

"My name is Spalding," continued the gentleman. "I am ex-Chief of Police of Albany, N. Y.

I merely wish to remark that there is a man on this train who can solve your mystery, Judge, if it lies in the power of man to do it."

The judge nodded.

"A detective?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"What name?"

"Brady."

"Do you mean the famous Old King Brady?"

"The same."

"I have heard of him, of course. Has headquarters in New York, has he not?"

"Yes. The Brady Detective Bureau is located on Union Square at the present time."

"I should like well enough to meet him," said the judge, "but I don't know that I should care to employ him. As I said before, it is my intention to pull these houses down in the spring. Meanwhile, it is a matter of indifference whether the house in question is rented or not."

Whereupon the judge arose and left the smoking-car.

"It is a shame to put flats on that block," remarked Mr. Redding. "I wish it was possible to arouse a little neighborly spirit in that man. Of course, there must be a reason for these noises. It ought not to be difficult to get at the cause."

"The judge seemed scarcely interested," said Mr. Spalding.

"But I am," spoke up the stout man to whom Judge Acton had been originally speaking. "I live next door the other way. The nuisance has become intolerable. Moreover, like Mr. Redding, I object to flats on that block. I have only owned my house six months, and certainly never should have bought it if I had known what I was going up against. I should greatly like to have a talk with your friend the detective, Mr. Spalding."

"Wait," said the ex-chief. "As it happens, Old King Brady is under some slight obligation to me. I will see if I can't get him in here, and we will put the case to him; that is, sir, if you really care to consider engaging him."

"I certainly do," replied the stout gentleman. I have been thinking of employing a detective for some time. Of course, it is really Judge Acton's business, but since he declines to move in the matter, I see no reason why I should not

try to abate the nuisance since I also am the man next door. Here is my card."

The card read:

"Mr. William Stover."

The ex-chief took the card and withdrew, presently returning with two gentlemen. One was a tall, elderly man of striking appearance and peculiar dress. He wore a long, blue coat with brass buttons, an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and a large, white felt hat with an extra broad brim. His companion was a fine looking young fellow in his twenties. These were none others than the world-famous Bradys, of New York. Mr. Stover was introduced; also Mr. Redding.

"Brady," said Mr. Spalding, addressing the elder detective familiarly, "I know you love a mystery, and we were just discussing one. We should like your opinion upon it. It is a case of a so-called haunted house."

The old detective smiled.

"I suppose," remarked Mr. Stover, "that you have had many such cases in your time, Mr. Brady."

"A great many," replied the old detective, "and I have yet to see my first ghost."

"I don't know that there are any ghosts connected with this," said Mr. Stover. "It is like this. On High street, in Denver, next door to where I live, is a fine brick house in which no one can live permanently on account of the noises which go on these nights. They are not continuous. Sometimes they are not heard for long intervals I am informed by Judge Acton, who owns the house and lives next door the other way, but ever since I have lived in my house, which is now six months, they have been going on more or less all the time."

"And what form do these noises take?" inquired Old King Brady, accepting the cigar offer by Mr. Stover.

"Heavy pounding, apparently, in the cellar at times. Then again the noise is heard in different parts of the house, but this more rarely. Every once in a while there will come a muffled explosion which makes the whole house tremble, and mine with it. After one of these explosions, as we call them, the pounding generally ceases for a number of days."

"And this is all there is to it?" asked Old King Brady.

"That is all. It is most annoying, I assure you."

"And what does Judge Acton say about it?"

"He claims to have done everything in his power to solve the mystery, even to employing such detectives as the Pinkertons, all of whom have failed. As for myself, I have reported the matter to the police and the Board of Health, but I can't get them to interest themselves. They have pretended to investigate, but nothing has come of it. If you would take the matter up—"

"It will be impossible," broke in Old King Brady. "We are visiting Denver on important business, which will fully occupy our time. Just the same I will look in on you tomorrow night and see if I can offer any suggestion, Mr. Stover. Is there no factory near you? If you happen to be on the line of the ledge, sound will carry a

long way, you know, and sometimes in a very mysterious fashion."

This was the beginning of it.

True to his promise, Old King Brady did call at Mr. Stover's house next evening, but it was only to be informed that the gentleman had been called away for a day or two, whereupon the old detective dismissed the matter from his mind.

A week passed. It was a rainy evening and the detectives were seated in their private parlor along with their accomplished female partner, Miss Alice Montgomery, when the mystery of the house on High street was brought up again in a new form.

A card was handed in bearing the name Mrs. Thomas P. Acton.

"The lady is very anxious to see you, sir," the page said to the old detective.

"Let her be shown right up," was the reply.

"Who is she?" asked Alice Montgomery.

"Wife of Judge Acton, who owns that house on High street, where the noises are," replied the old detective.

"By the way," remarked Young King Brady, "I hear that Judge Acton is a very rich man."

"So I am told," replied the old detective. "I can hardly imagine what his wife wants of me, though, unless it is in connection with the noises in that house, and from what Mr. Stover said that evening on the Pullman, the judge was rather indifferent about the matter. But here comes the lady herself, and now we shall know."

Mrs. Acton was announced. She was a large, showy woman of over forty.

"Mr. Brady?" she questioned, as she swept into the room.

"Yes, madam," replied the old detective. "I am Old King Brady. This is my partner, Young King Brady. This lady is also my partner—Miss Alice Montgomery."

"I have heard of you all," replied Mrs. Acton, dropping into the chair which Old King Brady placed for her. "My husband, Judge Acton, was speaking about you last time I saw him. He had some idea of employing you to try to solve the cause of certain noises where he lives. I believe he met you on the train."

"No; we did not have the pleasure of meeting the judge. But we heard about the matter through a Mr. Stover, who lives next door to that house on the other side."

"I don't know him. The fact is I may as well tell you I am separated from the judge, Mr. Brady. I haven't lived in that house for the last two years. I just couldn't stand it. The noises were terrible, but not altogether on that account. We had our differences. We have kept on good terms, though. He has been in the habit of calling on me once a week to see if I wanted anything. Then we often talked over the telephone."

"What is the woman driving at?" Old King Brady asked himself as he waited for her to come to the point.

"It is the most mysterious thing about those noises," she continued. "Such a pounding and banging you never heard; then all at once pop, and something goes off. One would suppose they were blasting rocks down cellar. As for keeping a tenant in the house, that's impossible, and—"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Acton, but may I ask the object of your call?" broke in Old King Brady, seeing no other way.

"I am afraid something has gone wrong with the judge," was the reply. "Since I left him he has been living alone there in the house and getting his meals at the hotel. About an hour ago I was called up on the telephone. I heard the judge at the other end of the wire. 'Annie,' he called, and his voice was muffled like, 'for heaven's sake, come quick and get me out of this. I——' That's as far as he got. I heard a fall then. Of course, I was scared, Mr. Brady. I called a cab and went right around there. I can't get in. The house is all locked up and dark, and nobody will answer the bell. The judge once told me that in case anything peculiar ever happened to him, not to go to the police, but to get a private detective, so remembering what he said about you being one of the biggest detectives in the country, I drove here. And will you please go back with me. I am terribly worried. Even if the judge and I have had our differences, and can't live together, I wouldn't like to see any harm come to him, for——"

As it was plain that she was likely to talk on indefinitely, Old King Brady broke in again.

"Let us waste no time, madam," he said. "We better go there at once. Let us all go and see what this mystery means."

And they went.

CHAPTER II.—The Mystery of Judge Acton.

Old King Brady rode to High street with Mrs. Acton in her cab, Harry and Alice following in another. During the ride the old detective just let the woman talk as she would, for it seemed of little use to try to get in a word edgewise. Listening, Old King Brady drew several conclusions.

That Judge Acton was a very wealthy man; that he was also an eccentric and highly secretive man; that Mrs. Acton knew next to nothing of her husband's affairs, and cared less, so long as the exceedingly liberal allowance which he had been in the habit of making her kept on coming.

Reaching the house, which was a substantial, four-story dwelling of white brick, one of a row of three, the old detectives tried to effect an entrance, but failed. The upper and lower doors were both bolted on the inside as well as locked. An examination of the vacant house next door revealed the same condition of affairs.

"We must see what can be done by way of the roof or the rear," said the old detective. "I will ring Mr. Stover's bell. You folks get back into the cabs. We don't want to attract too much attention."

Mr. Stover was at home, it seemed, and he promptly joined the old detective in the hall.

"Oh! It is you," he said. "I owe you an apology for not keeping my appointment with you the other night. Had to go to Colorado Springs unexpectedly. I have been meaning to call on you. Do you come to look into my mystery?"

"Not exactly," replied Old King Brady, and he hurriedly explained.

"Looks bad," said Mr. Stover, "but Acton is one of the most mysterious of men, so it may amount to nothing. I suppose we can get into the back yard from the alley. I presume he has a gate same as I have. Come with me."

"How about the noises?" inquired the old detective as he followed Mr. Stover into the yard. "Haven't heard a sound since I got home," was the reply, "so if you had gone on the watch it probably would not have done much good."

"You have been in the house?"

"Once with that man next door as we have got to calling Acton, my wife and I, and mighty surly he was about letting me in, too. It has always been my idea that he knew more about the mystery than he cared to let on. I take no stock in the judge, and never did."

Old King Brady found no difficulty in opening the gate, but when he came to try the back door he found the same conditions. The door was not only bolted on the inside, but the windows were nailed.

"We can do nothing here," declared the old detective. "We must try the roof."

"You will surely find the scuttle fastened down," replied Mr. Stover.

"Have you a hammer and chisel?"

"Yes."

"It will take me but a few minutes to open the scuttle then. Let us hurry. I left Mrs. Acton in great anxiety."

They hurried back into Mr. Stover's house. Scarce had they entered it when a dull pounding made itself heard.

"There! Did you hear that?" demanded Mr. Stover. "They are at it again."

"Seems to be in your cellar," remarked the old detective.

"Wouldn't you think so?" was the reply. "Down there it sounds as if it came from the cellar next door, as it does, no doubt."

"What did you see when you were in there?"

"Nothing at all. The cellar was absolutely empty."

"Did the noise keep right up while you were there?"

"No; there wasn't a sound, but just as ever I got into my own house it began again."

This conversation was carried on while Mr. Stover was getting the tools and leading the way to the roof. By this time they had reached it, and, crossing over to the roof of Judge Acton's house, Old King Brady tried the scuttle, finding it secured below, as he expected. With a peculiar tool which he produced from his pocket he ripped off a strip of tin from the scuttle cover, and then with the hammer and chisel soon demolished enough of the cover itself to enable him to get at the hasps. Entrance had now been effected.

"I will let the wife in before I make any examination," said the old detective. "I may conclude not to take up the case if anything serious has occurred."

"The house seems as still as death," remarked Mr. Stover as aided by Old King Brady's flashlight they descended the stairs to the front door. It was locked, bolted and chained.

"Note all this, Mr. Stover," said the old detective as he undid the fastenings.

"You are fixing up to use me as a witness,

I see," remarked Stover. "All right. Go ahead. I've always had a lot of curiosity about the man next door."

And adopting this form of speech, the Bradys came to call this the case of "The Man Next Door."

Mrs. Acton came right in with Harry and Alice now.

"How did you finally get in?" she asked.

"By way of the roof, madam," replied the old detective.

"Have you seen anything of the judge?"

"No, we have not looked. Allow me to introduce Mr. Stover, who lives two doors below. Now, which is the judge's room?"

"It used to be the back chamber upstairs on the next floor," was the reply, "but the telephone is in the library at the end of this hall."

"We will look in there first," said the old detective, who had lighted the gas.

As they walked to the back of the hall they came upon three large trunks piled up.

"Why, it looks as if the judge was getting ready to go away somewhere. He never said a word to me about it," exclaimed the lady.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Three dull, muffled strokes were heard next door.

"There! Do you hear?" exclaimed Mrs. Acton. "That is going on all the time. Do you wonder I could not live in this house?"

Bang! Bang! Bang! Thrice again the pounding was heard, and then silence. Old King Brady opened the library door. The room was filled with packing cases, littered with straw and newspapers.

"Why, he has pulled everything to pieces," cried Mrs. Acton. "It looks as if he meant to move away."

Old King Brady lit a gas-jet here.

"And all the pictures are gone!" cried Mrs. Acton, looking through into the front parlor, which was in the same condition as the library. "What can it mean?"

"No telephone here," remarked Old King Brady. "We better go upstairs."

They ascended to the floor above where Mrs. Acton, hurrying ahead, threw open the door of the rear chamber.

"Judge! Judge!" she called.

There was no answer. Old King Brady flashed his light in through the door.

"Mercy on us!" screamed Mrs. Acton. "They have murdered the poor man."

The floor, which was bare, was splashed with blood. So were the walls. It looked, indeed, as if murder might have been done. But if so, then where was the victim? Old King Brady hastened to light the gas. Nothing could be seen of Judge Acton dead or alive. Here everything was packed up as below stairs. The telephone was between the windows. The floor directly in front of it was where the worst of the blood stains were, but there were others near the door.

"Dreadful! Dreadful! They have murdered him!" wailed Mrs. Acton, covering her eyes with her hands.

"Indeed, it looks like it," said Stover.

"They—who, madam?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Of course I don't know," was the reply. "I mean whoever they are who did it."

Perhaps Old King Brady might have passed the point further, but just then the attention of everyone was drawn to the mystery of the house next door, for at the same instant a dull, muffled explosion was heard, and the house slightly trembled.

"There you are, Mr. Brady!" exclaimed Stover. "No more pounding to-night, and perhaps not for several days to come."

CHAPTER III.—The Night Watch At the Judge's House.

"Yes," remarked Old King Brady, "I have decided to take up the case of The Man Next Door as Mr. Stover calls it. As to who I am working for, nothing need be said. I shall not commit myself, either, to Stover or Mrs. Acton. The mystery interests me, so I propose to work independently of both."

It was late on the following afternoon that Old King Brady made these remarks to Harry and Alice at the hotel. The High street mystery had now become public property. The afternoon papers were full of it. The police had taken a hand in the case, but with no success. Not a trace could be found of Judge Acton. The man, it appeared, had not been seen since the day following his return from Kansas City, when he came over the plains on the same train with the Bradys.

The papers had a lot to say about the judge's wealth, his manners in money matters, and his peculiar habits. Exaggerated accounts of the mysterious noises also figured in all the afternoon papers. Thus general attention was attracted to the mystery of the house on High street. Harry and Alice had been busy with another matter all day, but Old King Brady had found time to make a very thorough examination of both houses. If anything in the line of secret rooms or panels existed, then the old detective, who is most skilful in such matters, failed to find it.

The mystery of the judge's telephone call and disappearance was made all the more peculiar from the fact of the house being closed, for it was the same with every door, and when Old King Brady came to examine the lower windows, he found that all without exception had been nailed up. The work appeared to have been recently done. That Judge Acton was on the point of leaving the house permanently was made all the more certain from the finding of two grips packed with his personal belongings.

These Mrs. Acton insisted upon taking away with her in the cab. As both were locked they were not opened. Old King Brady suggested that he could easily open them, but to this Mrs. Acton would not listen, saying that she did not propose to disturb them until it became certain that her husband was dead.

Old King Brady did not feel that he had any right to interfere, but he did not like it, and when Mrs. Acton wanted him to take up the case and search for the judge on her account, he declined, but offered to do so on his own account, which seemed to suit quite as well. So during the day the old detective took the trouble to pro-

vide himself with keys to both houses, intending to put in the night on High street if it came around right. And it did. With Harry and Alice he went to Judge Acton's house about nine o'clock, finding an officer on guard there.

"I'm right glad youse have come," said the policeman. "It was likely to be mighty lonely here. I don't know what's the good of me stopping here, anyway, unless it is to guard all these things. The judge has been murdered all right, but how they ever managed to get him out and leave all the doors and windows fastened behind them is what beats me."

"That's the mystery of it," replied the old detective, adding:

"But about the noises next door, officer. Have you heard anything?"

"Not a sound," replied the policeman. "I don't know if there's any truth in that yarn or no."

"Oh, there is. We heard the noises last night ourselves."

"Did you then? I didn't know but it was just newspaper talk. What did they sound like?"

"Heavy pounding, ending up with a slight explosion, which made this house tremble a little."

"It is very strange."

"Did you know Judge Acton?"

"Only by sight, Mr. Brady. He was a queer man."

"In what way?"

"Well, what I had reference to was his habit of wandering about late at night. Many a time I've met him."

"Near here?"

"Yes, sir. Always near here. Always going along with his head down."

"How late, for instance?"

"One or two o'clock in the morning."

"Often?"

"Very often. Two or three times a week."

"Did you ever speak to him?"

"Once I did. I says, 'Good-evenin', judge. Yer out late.' 'I can't sleep,' he says; and on he walked without even raising his head and looking at me. There was sure something wrong with the old man in his mind."

"If you have been long on this beat it's a wonder you never heard the noises in this house next door, officer."

"Well, I never did, sir, and many's the time I have listened for them, too. That's why I never believed the yarn."

"We will go upstairs," said Old King Brady. "I am going to look for secret panels."

"Make yourself at home," said the policeman. "My orders are to watch near the door, so I'll stop here."

They ascended to the judge's room. We have spoken of everything being packed up here, but the assertion was a little too sweeping. Certain articles of furniture, among them a bureau, a table and chairs, had not been disturbed. It was warm with the gas lit, for the day had been almost hot. The Bradys removed their hats and even Alice took off hers, feeling that she would be more comfortable. A careful search for whatever secrets the room had to offer now began.

"If there is a secret door here we'll find it," declared the old detective.

"Did the judge build these houses?" inquired Harry.

"He did not," replied the old detective. "I inquired into that matter particularly. He bought the three houses as they stand, afterwards selling the one Stover now owns."

"How long ago was this?"

"About five years, I understand."

"Do you know who did build them?"

"No; that I failed to learn."

"But they have been built some time, evidently."

"Yes, for over twenty years, I am informed."

"What is your personal theory as to this strange business, Mr. Brady?" asked Alice.

"I really can't say that I have formed one," replied the old detective. "It can scarcely be a case of counterfeiters. They never would choose a place so unsuitable and so public, but whatever it is I am convinced that Judge Acton knew all about it and was probably in the deal. It looks to me like a case of a man trying to pull away from a bad bunch who were afraid to have him go. Hence the attack on the old man. They may not have killed him, however."

"The secret lies underground in my way of thinking," said Harry.

"Decidedly," replied the old detective. "Another thing I should have mentioned. The real estate dealer I consulted—he is a Mr. Hardy, on Lorimer street, who nominally has the renting of the house next door—told me that Judge Acton did not really want to rent the house, and had given orders not to put it forward. He claims that the judge was a spiritualist and firmly believed that the house was haunted. I think from the way the man spoke that he is somewhat inclined to that view himself."

"Hark!" exclaimed Harry. "It seemed to me that I heard the pounding then—very faint."

Old King Brady put his ear against the wall, Harry and Alice following his example. They all heard muffled sounds like blows being struck, seemingly at a distance. It was very different from the sounds the old detective had heard the night before.

"Does that noise come from the front or the rear, governor?" asked Harry.

"From the rear, I should say," replied Old King Brady. "I'm going out in the yard. I want to see if the sounds can be heard underground. You two stay here and listen."

He descended to the yard. Alice watched him out of the window and could see him lying on the grass with his ear to the ground, Indian fashion. Soon he returned, reporting that he could hear the sounds very faintly, and that they seemed to be underground.

"Mysterious business," he said. "Do they still keep up, Harry?"

"No," replied Young King Brady, who still had his ear to the wall. "I can't hear them now."

"Then let us get to work on the secret panel theory. It must and shall be found."

They put in an hour on this story, and nearly as long on the one above, but without the least success. The cellar as well as the parlor and basement floors had been so thoroughly searched before that Old King Brady considered it useless to go over the ground again.

"This is one too many for me," he said. "I think we may as well give up there and try it

next door. Harry, get that lantern you brought along and we will go in there."

"What was that noise?" exclaimed Harry. "Did you hear?"

"Yes. It sounded to me like the clank of iron, but it was certainly outside of the house."

"So I thought," added Alice.

Old King Brady put his ear to the wall again, remarking that he could hear nothing. At the same moment Harry raised the window and leaned out. He instantly drew back and held up his fingers for silence.

"What's in the wind?" whispered Old King Brady.

"I see nothing," replied Harry, aloud, and he closed the window, then whispering:

"Why, governor, there is an iron platform outside that window extending along to the next house. It wasn't there before."

Old King Brady peered through the panes.

"I see no platform," he declared. "Your eyes must have deceived you in the dark."

"Not at all. It was certainly there when I looked."

"Look again."

Harry did so, but could see nothing.

"It beats the band," he muttered. "I am sure I saw it."

Just at this minute there came a ring at the door-bell. The Bradys stepped out into the hall and listened.

"Yes, ma'am, they are here," they could hear the policeman saying, "but my orders are to admit no one else."

"But I am Mrs. Acton," a woman's voice replied. "I have a right to come in and you can't stop me. Besides, I want to see Mr. Brady."

Old King Brady hurried downstairs.

"It is all right, officer," he said.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Acton," he added. "What brings you here?"

"Oh, I was sure you would be here," was the reply, "so I thought I would look in on you. I am so nervous that I can't sleep. Have you learned anything?"

"Well, no, ma'am, we have not. Will you come upstairs?"

Mrs. Acton thought she would come upstairs, and she did.

"Have you examined those grips yet?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes, I have," was the reply; "I changed my mind and concluded to do so, but I found nothing but Judge Acton's clothes and a few private papers."

"Was he in any business?"

"No; he gave up his law practice a good many years ago."

"And every year he has grown richer."

"That is what he claims. He always seemed to have plenty. I never could get him to change his style of living, though. He was the most stubborn man you ever saw, Mr. Brady. I——"

"But in order to make all this money, he must have been in some business."

"I suppose he speculated like other men."

"Did many people come here to see him?"

"Nobody ever came; that is, very seldom."

Harry, not particularly interested in these inquiries, now raised the window softly, curious

still about the platform which he felt so sure he had seen.

"Hear anything?" inquired the old detective.

"No; I just thought I would have a look."

As Harry leaned out of the window, the noose of a lasso suddenly encircled him. He grasped the window casing to save himself from being pulled out. Alice screamed and seized his coat, and Old King Brady rushed to her assistance.

CHAPTER IV.—Old King Brady Takes A Step Ahead.

Before Old King Brady could get to the window it was all over. Not that Harry went out. The pull on the lasso suddenly ceased, and he pulled in the rope.

"Who did it?" cried the old detective, looking out of the window.

He could see nothing to explain the mystery.

"The platform was there and a masked man stood on it. He threw the lasso," Harry explained.

"He has gone now, and so has the platform. This was a ruse to hold our attention at the back, I think. Quick! Get your hat, Harry. Somebody will be sneaking out the front way."

He ran into the front room and threw up the window as he spoke. A small man was in the act of descending the steps of the house next door.

"On the shadow, Harry! Quick!" cried the old detective.

"He has gone already, Mr. Brady," said Alice, coming into the other room.

"Quick, Mrs. Acton. Have a look at this fellow and see if you know him," Old King Brady said.

But Mrs. Acton was not quick enough. She got a sight of the man, it is true, but only of his back, and she declared herself unable to identify him. Meanwhile Young King Brady had got on the job, and they continued to watch him as he hurried after the man, who did not turn his head. Old King Brady closed the window and they returned to the back room.

"Well, this settles one point, we have to deal with real people," he remarked.

"But what a dreadful thing to do," cried Mrs. Acton. "But for you, Miss Montgomery, they would have pulled him out of the window."

"I don't think they had any such intention," replied Old King Brady. "The scheme was to keep us busy at the back, while that fellow left the house next door."

"But about this platform business," he added. "The mystery must be solved."

"There is surely no platform there," declared Mrs. Acton, looking out of the window.

"Alice, stand behind me with your revolver while I lean out and make an examination," said the old detective.

Alice did so, and Old King Brady leaning far out, threw his flashlight upon the brick wall.

"I see," he said, after a moment. "The platform is there. It runs in through the wall under the floor. It is painted on the edge to match the brick."

"There was surely nothing of the sort here

when I lived in this house," declared Mrs. Acton. "That is two years ago," replied Old King Brady. "Question is, can the platform be worked from this side? This gives me a new line to work on."

But he worked it in vain, for nothing in the way of a secret spring or button could he find. But his search then was only a brief one.

"Mrs. Acton, Miss Montgomery and I are going in next door now," Old King Brady announced. "You can join us or remain here, as you please."

"I think I will go home," replied Mrs. Acton.

Glad to be rid of her, they let her go without objection, parting with her on the street. Old King Brady then let himself in next door, carrying with him the lantern Harry had brought along, for there was neither gas nor electric light next door. They ascended to the back room on the third floor after carefully listening. There was a cigar stump on the floor and a newspaper, which certainly had not been there before. Old King Brady was now on his mettle.

"I don't leave this room until I have worked that platform," he declared, and he began sounding the walls on the side towards Judge Acton's house. Meanwhile Alice got down on the floor and began searching there.

"Here it is!" she presently exclaimed.

"Ha! Well?" cried Old King Brady, looking down.

"This last piece of baseboard is wiggly," said Alice. "I can't seem to pull it out, but I am sure it comes out."

"Press it down."

"Yes, yes! Now it comes."

Alice removed the strip of board, which was about a foot in length. They could now see the iron platform stowed away under the floor. Above it was a small handle attached to a beam. Alice pulled on it and the platform shot outward. Old King Brady opened the window and stepped out upon it.

"Very ingenious," he exclaimed as he came back into the room. "It explains the disappearance of the judge, all right, and is one great big point gained, but I don't see that this opening extends any farther, nor does it explain the noises. Let us see. If the judge was bleeding when they carried him out, then there ought to have been a trail left behind. Look for blood spots now, Alice. We may catch our clue that way."

Their search was soon rewarded, for here and there blood spots were found on the floor.

The foot of the stairs reached, they discovered a smear of blood on the floor boards, however.

"Here is where they laid him down," declared Old King Brady. "There was blood on his clothes. They took him towards the basement stairs."

The action of carrying the judge down must have started up the bleeding again, for they found spots on nearly every step of the basement stairs.

"Listen," said Alice, as Old King Brady opened the cellar door. "We don't want to run up against any trouble now."

"I hear nothing. The coast seems clear. All that demonstration was just to give that fellow a chance to get out of the house."

They descended into the cellar, finding some blood spots on the way. The cellar door was

cemented. Here they could find no blood. The trail seemed to have come to an end.

"And now for the exit," said the old detective, flashing the lantern about. "There is certainly nobody here. We have got every chance unless we are attacked from above."

It was the first time Alice had been in the cellar, and she looked around curiously. There was the usual coalbin in front of a few old barrels. There were two heaters of rather an old-fashioned pattern, being much larger than those used nowadays.

"Why do you suppose they have two heaters, Mr. Brady?" inquired Alice.

"I was just wondering myself," was the reply.

And Old King Brady proceeded to examine the heaters. Opening the door of the first one he found a dusty placard hanging inside upon which was scrawled:

"Out of order. Use the new heater."

"This seems to explain the mystery," he said.

There were big pipes extending off from it up through the floor. Thinking that the whole thing might be movable and conceal some hole, Old King Brady tried it, but the heater remained firm. Leaving the door open, he now turned his attention to the new one.

"I am afraid there is nothing in this," the old detective remarked.

"Hush!" breathed Alice, who was still standing by the open door of the old heater.

"What now?" whispered Old King Brady, coming up.

"I hear voices."

He listened.

"Surely!" he said. "Very faint?"

"Yes, but distinct."

"Can you make out words?"

"No; can you?"

Old King Brady bent his head and listened at the door. At the same instant there was a crash as if a pile of stones had fallen. The sound certainly came from beneath them by way of the open door of the heater. And in the same breath a louder voice was heard to exclaim:

"Now see what you have done, you careless wretch! Upset the whole business."

"No harm. I can pick them up again," came the reply in a lower voice.

"This is it, Alice," said Old King Brady. "The sound comes up through this heater. If the pounding comes by the same road, then those pipes ought to make it plainly heard all over the house."

They could now hear sounds which seemed to indicate that stones were being thrown into some vessel. Then after a few seconds another voice called out, much louder:

"Hey, boss!"

If there was an answer they could not catch it. Then it was:

"Shall I fetch it through?" spoken in the same voice.

Silence, and then:

"All right. I reckon I can wheel it in two loads."

And that was all they heard except the creak of a wheelbarrow later on. At last they gave it up, and once more the old detective made an effort to move the heater, which failed.

"We are on, Alice," he said. "There is surely

an excavation under this cellar. It is as I suspected from the first, but you and Harry have had so many remarks to make about my theorizing lately that I determined for once not to commit myself."

"Nonsense!" said Alice. "What is your theory, then? That somebody has struck a gold vein under this property?"

"It is—most emphatically."

"Do you think Judge Acton is in the deal?"

"Presumably, but not certainly."

"Then it don't follow that the entrance is from this house at all. It may be from his own cellar."

"We must learn, Alice. Come! Our work now lies on the outside if we wish to solve the mystery of this house on High street. We have taken a step ahead."

CHAPTER V.—Young King Brady Makes A Bad Break.

If Old King Brady had taken a step ahead then, Harry had to take many in another sense before he got through shadowing his man, who looked around just once after the start was made. He must have seen Harry. Turning down Fifteenth street, the man kept on until he came to a large office building, where he entered.

And here Harry lost his man temporarily, for the fellow boarded an elevator which started up before he could reach it. There were now only two courses open for the detective, to bribe the elevator man into giving him information, or to wait until the shadowed man came down. As being the quickest, Harry chose the former course. There was nobody but himself in waiting when the elevator returned to the ground floor. Harry determined to strike high and make sure. He had a ten-dollar gold piece in his pocket, and he held it between his thumb and finger, and with the same hand displayed his shield.

"See that?" he said.

"What?" asked the elevator man, "the money or that badge?"

"Both."

"You are a detective?"

"Sure."

"What is it you want to know?"

But before Harry could answer two men stepped into the elevator.

"Come on," said the boss of the "lift," and Harry knew he had him.

Nothing was said until the men left the elevator at one of the upper floors.

"It's that small man you carried up on your last trip," said Tarry.

"I was afraid so," was the reply.

"Afraid?"

"Yes. I can't earn the money as you put it, for I don't know his name."

"Where does he go?"

"Gets off on the ninth and goes into Pannan & Co.'s."

"What's their business?"

"I don't know exactly, but it is something connected with mines."

"Is he likely to stay there long?"

"Don't think so. He seldom does."

"Do Pannan & Co. always keep open nights?"

"Mr. Pannan lives here, boss. He has two offices, and makes a bedroom of one—a lot of people do that in this building."

"I think you have earned your ten," said Harry, handing over the coin.

Of course the man wanted to know what it was all about, and equally, of course, Young King Brady did not satisfy his curiosity. Leaving the building then, Harry took up his watch on the outside, and after a wait of nearly an hour the man came out. By this time Harry had so changed his appearance that he had little fear of being recognized, and he took up the trail again. Now he got a good look at the man. He walked briskly down to Larimer street and kept on by the necessary turnings until he came to the freight yard of one of the railroads running out of Denver. Which one it was he propose not to state nor to mention the name of the man who came out of the freight office with Harry's man shortly after the latter came in. It is a name now known to every one in Colorado.

They went down through the freight yard together, and again Harry feared he had lost his man. And so it would have been had this happened in daylight, for no one but employees were admitted to that part of the freight yard to which they went. But Harry in the dark managed to slip past the watchman at the gate in time to keep his man in sight and continue the trail. It led him to a remote switch where stood an empty freight car.

Here cigars were lighted and the pair stood talking in a confidential manner. It all seemed very puzzling to Young King Brady then. To get near enough to hear what was being said would have been impossible without exposing himself to plain view. There was a big gate in the high fence which surrounded the freight yard at this point. At last after a wait of nearly half an hour the rumble of a heavy cart was heard and a covered wagon came up outside the gate which seemed to be very heavily loaded. The driver gave a peculiar whistle, which the superintendent immediately answered, then opening the gate. Assisted by the driver and Harry's man, they now began unloading small and exceedingly heavy boxes from the wagon into the freight car, throwing off their coats and going about it like men well used to their work. One of the boxes fell and broke open, scattering pieces of rock about. These were carefully gathered up and taken into the car.

The wagon being emptied, the man in charge drove off. The superintendent then pulled the door of the car shut and with Harry's man hurried away through the open yard, where it would have been impossible to have followed them without discovery. But Harry did not propose to follow.

What he wanted was to get a look at the contents of that broken box. For Young King Brady had already come to the same conclusion that the old detective had arrived at.

"It's a hidden mine under the house on High street, surest thing," thought Harry. "They are shipping off the ore and I must secure a sample of it if possible."

Sneaking up to the door, Harry opened the door and climbed in, closing the door behind him.

He now got out his flashlight and, searching for the broken box, found it piled full of loose pieces of rock. These he pulled over, spending some little time at it. They seemed to be all quartz, well filled with mineral, but Harry was not judge enough to be able to determine their quality. Having secured two or three good specimens, Harry now started to leave the car. At once he discovered that he had made a terrible mistake in closing the door. For while he was fumbling among the ore specimens and making noise enough to prevent him from hearing what was going on, someone had locked the door.

He kicked on the door and shouted, but all in vain. An hour passed and Young King Brady's efforts to attract attention to his situation had been quite unsuccessful, nor could he with all his efforts force his way out of the car. And now suddenly came a bump. The car was being coupled on to a train. At last the train got on the move.

"I'm in for it now," groaned Young King Brady. "Question is, where are we going? If it's through to the East; then the chances are I'm a dead one."

Of course, he remembered all sorts of horrible stories about tramps starving to death in freight cars. But it was useless to borrow trouble. Harry now sat down on the boxes, lit a cigar and tried to hope for the best. He rode all through the night and the best part of the next day. Nobody came near the car. Harry's situation was now most discouraging, and the confinement was beginning to tell on him, when at last, the train stopping, he realized that his car was being taken away from the rest. The engine pulled it for a considerable distance, backed down and uncoupled. The car continued to move, however. Harry realized that it was running down an incline by its own weight. But at last it reached the level and, running on for some distance, stopped.

"Shut the gate!" he heard a man shout.

Nobody came near the car, however. Harry's efforts to make himself heard failed, and at last night came again. Worn out with it all, Harry, who had cleared a space for himself before this, lay down and slept. How long he had been sleeping he had no idea, when suddenly he was aroused by a lantern being flashed in his face. A man was bending over him examining his shield, which, foolishly, he had not concealed.

"Why, he's one of the Brady detectives!" the fellow called out.

"You hear, young feller?" he added, for Harry was sitting up now.

"Why, yes, I heard what was said," replied Young King Brady with all the calmness he could assume.

"Come out of this. Jump down out of the car," ordered the man with the lantern.

And Young King Brady jumped to almost fall into the arms of a big, rough-looking fellow on the ground, who held a gun. This was immediately leveled at Harry's head. He could see mountains all around him. Close by was a quartz mill, which stood on the bank of a rushing stream at the bottom of a deep gulch.

"Speak up or I fire!" cried the man with the gun. "Who the mischief are you? How did you ever come to get yourself locked in that car?"

CHAPTER VI.—Old King Brady Keeps Pegging Away.

It was about eleven o'clock when Old King Brady and Alice left the vacant house on High street.

"What about going back and questioning the policeman more closely as to just where he saw Judge Acton?" inquired Alice.

"Don't think it is worth while," replied Old King Brady. "I am satisfied that there is a tunnel under the yard either behind this house or the judge's, so what we want to do, Alice, is to find out where the other end of it is. That's our work now, but it is very doubtful if we can accomplish anything at night. Let us begin by getting around on the next street."

This took them to lower ground, for High street—we have taken the liberty of altering the true name of this street, by the way—was located on the side of the hill, on which a large part of Denver stands. Carefully taking his bearings, Old King Brady worked around immediately in the rear of the High street houses. Here there were several old-time residences which had been altered into tenements. There was also a coal yard and a moulding mill. It was one of the tenements which stood directly in the rear of the house of mystery.

But adjoining this house was something more promising. A high fence cut off a double lot, and behind it stood a low brick building, the top of which could just be seen. On the fence was the sign, "Antelope Spring Co. Office, No. — Fifteenth street." "No Admittance" was prominent upon the gate.

"That might do," mused Old King Brady. "A spring supplying a fancy table water would be excuse enough for burrowing in the ground. Alice, you go back and ask that policeman what he knows about the Antelope Spring Co. while I prow around here a bit."

After Alice had departed Old King Brady leaned against the fence and pressed his ear to it, picking out a place where there was a post which might be supposed to convey sound from below, but he could not hear anything. And while he waited a covered wagon came rattling down the street. It appeared to be empty, and it bore upon its side the name of the Spring Company. It stopped before the gate. Anticipating this, Old King Brady had moved on, but it was to take a position from which he could see into the yard if the gate was opened.

The driver jumped down and rang a bell; then in a moment the gate was thrown open and the man led his horse into the yard, the gate being immediately closed. But in that brief moment the old detective saw several things. The building was a neat brick structure. A light burned in one of the lower windows. In the yard were numerous small boxes, very stoutly made. He now thought of the alley, and recalled that he had seen the wall of a low, brick building there the night before when he and Mrs. Stover went into Judge Acton's yard.

"That will be the rear wall of this water company's building, I suppose," he said to himself, "but before getting around there I will wait and hear what Alice has to say."

She came shortly. Old King Brady met her at the end of the block.

"Well?" he inquired.

"He says that the Antelope Spring does a big business," said Alice. The spring is inside that building. It has been used for several years. They bottle the water and ship it West to Arizona and New Mexico, where water is scarce. They also do a business supplying offices in Denver, and it is largely used in saloons."

"I believe we have hit it, Alice. A spring means a hole in the ground, and that is what we are gunning for. An empty wagon has just gone in there. It seems queer that they should have been shipping their spring water at midnight."

"All well enough for your theory, Mr. Brady," smiled Alice, "but what are you going to do about it? What excuse can we make to get behind that gate?"

"None. Let us wait a few minutes and see if the driver and the man who opened the gate for him don't come out."

They kept moving on the block, and in about fifteen minutes saw two men come out through the gate. They did not look behind them, however.

"We will get around on the alley and take a look at the rear," said the old detective, and they did so.

It was just a dead brick wall taking up the entire lot. There was no possibility of effecting an entrance here.

"It is no use, Alice. We shall have to give it up," said Old King Brady. To-morrow remains for us, but there's no more to be done to-day."

They took in High street on the way, and remained for some moments watching the vacant house from around the corner, but nothing came of it, and finally they went back to the hotel. Harry, of course, had not come in, but this was nothing strange.

When next morning he was found to be still missing, Old King Brady began to wonder what it meant, of course, but he pretended to consider it all right on Alice's account, for she and Harry are practically engaged.

"He probably found that he had to shadow his man out of town," the old detective said. "I dare say we shall hear from him during the day."

Old King Brady received a letter by the morning mail which seemed on its face to change everything, but it was not from Harry. Mrs. Acton wrote:

"My Dear Mr. Brady: This is to inform you that I have heard from my husband. It is all right. He was seized with a slight hemorrhage, he informs me, which accounts for the blood. He is now stopping a little way out of town with a friend, and he wishes me to come to him. He goes on to say that he will personally explain to me all that is mysterious about the matter, and he requests that you drop the case. If you will send in your bill I will remit as soon as I return to Denver.

"Yours, truly,

"Margaret Acton."

Having read this letter, Old King Brady passed it over to Alice in silence.

"What do you think of it?" she asked when she had finished reading.

"I should like your opinion first," replied Old King Brady.

"The woman is hiding something."

"She surely is. Note the suspicious points. She does not say how she received this information, but tries to make it appear that it came to her in the form of a letter from her husband, doing it so clumsily that no one can be deceived. Then she makes a point of concealing where Judge Acton is and does her best to throw dust in our eyes about the very singular manner in which he disappeared. Lastly, she offers to pay us, when I distinctly told her that I was not working on the case on her account. Taken altogether, the letter suggests a reading between the lines which to me is very plain."

"Let me state what I read between the lines and see how close I come to your idea," said Alice.

"Do it."

"That somebody known to Mrs. Acton is in the deal, and came to her last night to get her to use her influence to call us off."

"That's just about what I think. The woman must be shadowed, Alice. Your job, my dear, and the sooner you get on the trail the more likely you are to succeed. You know the woman's address, so get right down to it. Something tells me there isn't a moment to be lost."

And so promptly did Alice act that she left the hotel within twenty minutes, cleverly disguised.

Far from inducing him to give up the case, Mrs. Acton's letter made Old King Brady all the more determined to vigorously push it. He hurried to the old Tabor block, and there called on a lawyer who had been mixed up in the matter which called the Bradys to Denver. Smith we will call him for the sake of a name. To this man Old King Brady could speak freely, and he told all there was to tell.

"You know everybody in Denver," he said. "Now, piece out my story with your information, and let me see where it leaves me."

"It will leave your theory strengthened," said Smith, promptly. "In the first place, Judge Acton's reputation is decidedly shady and always was. This woman is his second wife. She was formerly a Mrs. Fink. Her first husband, who is dead, was a gambler and a crook. She married the judge for his money about ten years ago. They quarreled constantly, it is understood, and finally separated, but the judge continued to support her; there was no divorce. I believe that Mrs. Acton would turn down the judge in a moment if she thought she could increase her income by doing so. Indeed, I have grave doubts about the story of the judge calling her up on the telephone. It is just as likely to be false as true."

"I believe it," said Old King Brady, quietly. "So far I don't see that you either helped or hindered my theory."

"All I have tried to do," replied the lawyer, "is to impress upon you what is certainly a fact, that Mrs. Acton is money mad and not to be trusted. Personally, I have always believed that she had some hold over the judge, and that was why he continued to support her in the style she lives, for he is as close as the bark on a tree."

"Let me pull away from Mrs. Acton and get to the water company," said Old King Brady. "Miss Montgomery has her in hand, and I have faith that something will come of it."

"What will come of shifting to the water company is just this, it will bring you right back to Mrs. Acton. Mind you I don't say that she was in the deal to do up the judge, or that she had the least idea that a hidden gold mine was being worked next door, if it is so, but the president of this Antelope Suring Co. knows her well. His name is Albert Fink, and he is her first husband's brother."

"Indeed! Is he a man of any prominence here in Denver?"

"Sure. Crooked prominence. He made a bag of money running a bucket-shop and added to it by mining operations. He is worth a million to-day. That's all I know about the water company, except that it exists and is supposed to do a large business. But now let us see how well my memory serves me. What's that number on High street?"

Old King Brady named it.

"How long since the noises began?"

"About two years, according to Mr. Stover, the man next door."

"Let us have a look at the Denver directory of two years ago. If I don't greatly mistake, at that time Albert Fink lived in that very house. He was well-to-do then, but he lived very plainly. It is just about two years since he launched out and began to put on style."

And from a set of book-shelves, Mr. Smith took down the directory and looked the matter up.

"I was right," he declared. "Fink was living in that house then."

"Have you older directories?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes."

"Look back a year or so. I should like to know how long he lived there. He must have been the last tenant who remained any length of time in the house."

This matter was looked into. It appeared that Mr. Fink had occupied the house next door to Judge Acton for at least three years. Feeling that he had at least scored another point, Old King Brady pulled out and going to a costumer's disguised as a laboring man. He was determined to see the inside of the Antelope Spring Company's premises, if possible, but he had not much hope that this scheme would help forward his plans any. Still, it was worth the try. Thus disguised, he went to Lowe street and finding the gate closed, rang the bell. The ring was not answered. Old King Brady tried it again, with the same result. He was just about to try it a third time when a stout, well-dressed man came up and stopped.

"Well, old man," he exclaimed, sharply, "what is your business here?"

"Sure, I am lukin' for wurrk, sor," replied Old King Brady. "I didn't know but what I might pick up a job in here, so."

"Well, you won't."

"Are youse de boss?"

"I believe I am. Toddle on. You will find no work here." He pulled the bell twice in quick succession as he spoke. Immediately the gate was

opened by one of the men Old King Brady and Alice had seen the night before.

"Good morning, Mr. Fink," he said.

"Good morning, Joe," replied the stout gentleman.

"Why don't you go on about your business?" he demanded, turning on the old detective almost fiercely.

"Sure my business is to find a job, sor," replied Old King Brady. "I didn't know but what you might change your mind, so."

"No, no, I told you we have no job to give you."

"Excuse me butting in, boss," said Joe, "but we are short-handed this morning. Morlein sent word he was sick. I think Mr. Brown would like a helper on the bottles." Mr. Fink turned and looked Old King Brady over, searchingly.

"You can follow me," he said. "Come into the office." He led the way through the yard towards the low brick building, the interior of which Old King Brady was so anxious to see.

CHAPTER VII.—At the Hidden Mill In the Gulch.

Far away from Denver, and with no idea in what direction he had traveled, Harry faced the man with the gun, wondering how seriously he ought to take his threats.

"See here, boss," he said, "I am just nobody at all. It won't do you the least bit of good to kill me. I am only an accident, and that's the truth."

"It won't work," said the gunner, grimly. "You are a detective. You are Young King Brady, I believe."

"No, no! Of course, I can't deny that I am a detective, but I am only a helper. As for the rest, it is as I tell you."

"Were you working on a case which took you into the freight yard down there in Denver?"

"No. I was trying to pump a man in a saloon on a Prairie street. We both got full; the rest is as I tell you, I say."

"What's your name?"

"Jack Kennedy. Why can't you let up on me and let me travel on?"

"For the best of reasons. There is only one way out of this place, and I don't choose to show it to you. It would cost me my own life if I did."

"Can't I follow the track? It is steep, but I can climb up if I try."

"Yes, but you can't be allowed to follow the track. Did you break open that box of ore?"

"I certainly did not, unless I did it while I was drunk."

"Don't be too hard on him, Jim," interceded the other man. "Of course, I appreciate your position and my own, but I don't take much stock in killing. At least, we ought to put it up to the boss."

"And a lot of good that would do. He'll order him shot at sight." The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Then it is up to him, and none of our funeral," he said. "I say, give the poor feller a show." Jim lowered his gun.

"I'm willing to humor you," he said, "but we shall both get it in the neck."

"I'll take my dose," replied the other. "Of course, we can't let him go, but we can put it up to the boss."

"Come on," said Jim. "Walk ahead, and I advise you not to be too observing if you want to live." It was foolish advice, in a way, for it was impossible not to understand the nature of the place. It was a small quartz mill of the simplest pattern. As they drew near, Harry could hear the great stamps pounding up the ore. A big stream of dirty water, escaping through a sluice, plunged over a precipice into a deep and narrow ravine, through which a mountain stream ran swiftly. In one corner of the mill was a door which looked as if it might lead into an office, and it was towards this that Harry was directed to go. But before he reached it the door was thrown open and a stout man in his shirt sleeves came charging out, swearing like a pirate. Who had they there? Where did he come from? How dared they let a stranger in?

"Now hold on, boss, hold on!" protested Jim. "We hain't responsible for this—see? He came in the sealed freight car. What's more, he's a detective. Works for the Brady Bureau of New York, so he says. You know Old King Brady & Co." This did not help matters any.

"Why didn't you shoot him on sight?" stormed the superintendent, for such Harry rightly judged him to be. "You know the rule. We shall all get into trouble for this." Harry tried to explain, but it was no use. He could not get in a word. As for Jim and his companion, they waited for the man to blow himself out, which he presently did.

"Well, is he to be shot?" the former demanded, then.

"Of course he is," was the reply.

"Can I say a word?" began Harry.

"Not one," was the reply. "Not a solitary one. Our rule is strict. No stranger can come into this gulch and live." The superintendent himself took Harry's shield and revolver. What little money Harry had about him, it was not much, he told the two men to divide between themselves. He then took the gun from Jim and ordered Harry to walk ahead, around the mill. The two men did not follow. A few moments later a shot was heard, followed by sounds which made it seem as if somebody had fallen into the gulch, taking down with him a quantity of loose rock. Doubtless, Jim and his companion thought this the end of Young King Brady, but it was not so. The unexpected happened.

In spite of his loud talk, the superintendent had not the slightest intention of killing his prisoner then, for no sooner were they out of hearing than he said, in a low tone:

"Young feller, can you hear me as I am talking now?"

"Yes," replied Harry.

"Is your coming here an accident? Answer truly, for your life depends upon it."

"It honestly was an accident."

"How came you to be locked in that car? Mind, now, nothing but the truth will serve you."

"You shall have it. I was shadowing a man, and I followed him into the freight yard."

"How came you to be shadowing him, then?"

"I was ordered to do so by my boss."

"Old King Brady?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Jack Kennedy."

"Go on. What happened, then?"

"My man got away. I saw two men piling boxes into the freight car. It was eleven o'clock at night, and it looked suspicious. One of the boxes broke open and the ore was spilled out. I was curious to see what sort of ore it was so I climbed into the freight car. While I was examining the ore I was locked in. I couldn't make any one hear me so of course I couldn't get out. The car brought me here." They had now nearly reached a place where high cliffs cut off further advance.

"Slow down," ordered the superintendent, and Harry obeyed.

"Look ahead of you. Do you see a hole low down by the edge of the gulch?"

"I do."

"Well, then, if you want to save your life you dodge in there, and do it pretty blame quick. Don't try to get out again. Wait till I come to you, for out of this gulch you can never get, alive, without my help. I have something I want to say to you, young feller, and it is likely to prove worth your hearing." Harry started, but the superintendent called to him:

"Hold on. You don't understand. Stand on the brink of the gulch until I fire, then drop and dodge into the hole." He fired over Harry's head and at the same instant, with his foot, rolled a heavy stone over into the gulch. Harry dropped, crawled through the opening and lay there. A few moments passed and then he heard some one call:

"Baker! Oh, Baker!"

"Hello!" replied the superintendent's voice.

"What in thunder are you firing at out there?"

"Shooting a spy."

"You don't mean it! Who is he?" Evidently this other man had come up with Baker now.

"He said his name is Kennedy and that he worked for the Brady Detective Bureau of New York."

"Gee whiz! that's bad! If the Bradys have caught on to us there is no telling where it will end. They are in Denver, as I happen to know."

"Did he go over into the gulch? I suppose, of course, he did."

"Sure. Don't I know my business?" Their voices, which had been growing fainter, now died away in the distance. Harry waited a few minutes and then sat up with difficulty, for his hands were still tied behind him.

"If I could only strike a match and see what sort of a place I am in," he muttered. "I suppose it is some sort of cave." He waited a long while, but no one came. At last he heard footsteps approaching and he thought it was going to prove to be Mr. Baker again. Perhaps it was, but if so he disappointed Harry terribly. Of course, Young King Brady waited to be spoken to, but instead of that happening a heavy stone was rolled in front of Harry's prison, cutting off even what little light there had been. What did it mean? Had the superintendent betrayed him, after all? Was he to be left to die by that most terrible of all deaths—starvation? Hours passed and no

one coming, Harry was about ready to give up in despair.

CHAPTER VIII.—Old King Brady Tries A Bold Move.

Alice had undertaken a task which, at the outset, seemed rather difficult to perform. She did not know, of course, whether Mrs. Acton was still in Denver or not when she drove up to the Silverton, a large apartment house on one of the most fashionable streets, in which the lady resided. How to gain the information was something Alice had been puzzling over all the way. She came to the conclusion to leave it in the hands of the cab driver, and she called him to the window when he stopped.

"Driver," she said, slipping him a five-dollar bill, "I want to explain to you that I am a detective. I am anxious to ascertain if a Mrs. Acton, who lives in this house, is in at the present time or not. I don't want to see her, understand, nor do I want her to see me. Just to know if she is in. Ring the bell and inquire. Say that a lady in the cab wants to know." It was rather a crude way to do it, we must admit, but Alice could think of no better plan. It was just as well that she tried no other, for this worked perfectly. In a moment the driver returned with word that Mrs. Acton was in.

"The man at the door wants to know the lady's name," he said.

"Drive on," replied Alice. "Keep on the move on the block. If a lady comes out of that house, instantly inform me." And she went on to describe Mrs. Acton. This scheme worked out all right, too. In about half an hour Alice saw a cab drive up to the Silverton and stop. As it passed her, she observed that it was empty. Instantly she told the driver to stop, and she watched and saw Mrs. Acton enter the cab.

"That's the party," Alice said to the driver. "Now follow." She had no doubt that Mrs. Acton was going to leave town, for she carried a bag with her and a small steamer trunk was brought out and placed on the box. The shadowing now proceeded without interruption. Mrs. Acton was driven to the Union Station. Alice managed, by quick work, to get to the ticket office right behind her and to hear her ask for a ticket for Unionburg.

It was a place she had never heard of, but after she had bought her ticket, Alice looked it up and found that it was a mining town in the mountains, some eighty miles northwest of Denver. All was easy now. So cleverly made up was Alice that she had not the least fear of recognition. Indeed, so confident did she feel on that score that she took her seat directly behind Mrs. Acton. There was some delay, and Alice rather expected that some one would join the judge's wife, but no one did. At last the train started and Alice settled down for her long ride. She had bought a "Guide to Colorado" at the newsstand and she now looked up Unionburg, finding that while it was but a small place, it still possessed a large hotel, located near certain mineral springs. This seemed to give a color of truth to Mr. Acton's letter. Perhaps, after all, she is merely going to join her husband," thought Alice. "I must try

to scrape an acquaintance with her if I can." And this was not difficult. Mrs. Acton was such a talker that Alice felt pretty sure it would prove so. She began by offering her a magazine to read, and wound up in the same seat with her. Mrs. Acton at once let loose. Alice, pretending to be a stranger in Colorado, got the whole history of the State. It was only necessary for one to be a good listener to satisfy Mrs. Acton. At last, after she had rattled on in one steady stream for half an hour, she asked Alice her name.

"I am Miss Wendel, of New York," was the reply. "I am out here for my health. Unionburg Springs have been recommended to me, so I thought I would try the water."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs. Acton, "that's where I am going. I haven't a card with me where I can get at it handy. My name is Mrs. Fink." Alice did not know that this had, indeed, once been her name. She thought it assumed on the spur of the moment.

"And you are going to try the springs, too?" she asked.

"Well, no," was the reply. "Not exactly. I am interested in a mine up there. I am going to meet my husband." It began to look as if it might be all straight. Alice could imagine many reasons why Mrs. Acton might desire to conceal her identity, especially owing to the notoriety the case of the judge's disappearance had attained. She determined not to press matters further, but just to cultivate the woman's acquaintance. When they arrived at Unionburg they both went to the big hotel and Alice was able to secure a room very close to that of Mrs. Acton.

But she saw nothing of the judge. Mrs. Acton informed her that her husband, Mr. Fink, was expected to arrive from the West at any time, but she could not tell just when he might come. Thus all Alice could do was to settle down to await developments and she sent a cipher despatch to Old King Brady, in care of a party in Denver, whom she knew would promptly deliver it to that effect. This was received by the old detective when he returned to the hotel that evening. His scheme to work into the plant of the Antelope Spring Co. had been a success so far as it went, for he was engaged to take the place of the sick employee, and all through the day the old detective worked hard at washing big bottles and filling them. The water was there all right. There was no fake about that. It was raised by a steam pump inside the building. The company certainly did an extensive business. Many wagonloads of water bottles of various sizes were shipped that day. Mr. Fink was around the place until a late hour in the afternoon.

He seemed to be a worker and to take personal charge of nearly all details of the business. There was nothing suspicious about the place, except the secrecy with which everything was conducted, but then as Old King Brady assured himself the nature of the business called for that, in a way. Many of these bottled waters are merely ordinary spring water, charged with carbonic acid gas, of course, but this was not. All that the old detective saw bottled actually was pumped up there in the building, and one of the hands assured him that it was always so. Night came and Old King Brady had gained no information

of the least interest. Finding Harry still absent, without explanation, when he returned to the hotel, it worried him not a little. It began to look as if something serious must have occurred. Alice's despatch seemed to connect Mrs. Acton with the mystery, for it mentioned that she was passing under the name of Mrs. Fink at the Unionburg hotel.

Another day passed, and still the situation remained unchanged so far as Harry was concerned, but Old King Brady was able to score a point. Mr. Fink did not show up that day. Old King Brady wondered if he had gone to Unionburg to meet Mrs. Acton. During the afternoon the old detective was kept at work in the yard, thinking up the wooden crates in which the big water bottles were shipped. This gave him a chance to get in a little of his fine work. The gate which cut off the yard from the street was secured by a large lock, there were no bolts. Old King Brady, who had provided himself with a piece of wax, was able to get an impression of this lock, unobserved, during the day. And having placed the wax in a cool place, he carried it away with him when he left at five o'clock, and hurrying to a locksmith had a key made. Whether it would work or not was a question, but the most important point was whether the place was guarded at night or not.

One of his fellow-workmen assured the old detective that there was no one there at night, but remembering what he and Alice had seen, Old King Brady was inclined to doubt this. It seemed probable that the day employees knew nothing of what went on inside that big gate at night. But Old King Brady was determined to know at any risk when he took his wax impression, and he was all the more so when upon reaching the hotel he received the following despatch from Alice:

"Man named Fink here. From conversation overheard, believe judge to be alive and held a prisoner in this section. Think you better come." Old King Brady thought so, too. Moreover, he came to the conclusion that Harry's trail must have led him in the same direction and that this accounted for his complete disappearance. If there had been a train out of Denver that night for Unionburg, Old King Brady would have dropped everything and have gone, but there was not, so he determined to go ahead with his plan for the night and leave first thing in the morning. He realized the risk he ran, fully, but the old detective never takes personal danger into account.

"I am bound to get in there to-night and solve this mystery if the thing is possible," he said to himself. "I may run into trouble, but I shall go fully prepared." He accordingly procured an extra revolver, which he concealed in a secret pocket, and a little before midnight started for Lowe street to see what he could do toward solving the mystery of the house on High street. He was dressed in his usual fashion, and before going to the company's plant he called around on High street. Here he found Judge Acton's house deserted. It looked as if Mrs. Acton had said or written something to the police which had caused them to give up their watch. Old King Brady let himself in with his key, listened for the noises, but heard nothing. As he was coming out, Mr.

Stover hailed him from his own stoop and came forward.

"Well, Mr. Brady, still working on the case of the man next door?" he asked.

"Still working," was the reply.

"And with what success? I have been meaning to look you up, but I have been very busy."

"I can't say that I have met with any very great success," replied the old detective; "at the same time I have pretty well solved the mystery in my own mind."

"Have you, then?"

"Have you heard the noises since night before last?"

"No. There were none last night, and they only lasted a little while the night before. Does that help out your theory?"

"It neither helps nor hinders it."

"If you don't mind, I should greatly like to know what your theory is?" Old King Brady had rather taken a liking for Mr. Stover, whom he believed to be perfectly sincere. He, therefore, decided to tell him all that was in his mind, and did so.

"Do you know," said Stover, "I believe you have solved the mystery. The same idea occurred to me, but it seemed so far-fetched that I said nothing about it."

"I don't know about it being far-fetched. Can you think of any point in Colorado where gold might not occur?"

"Scarcely any. Certainly none in the mountains." And Denver is eight thousand feet up. Besides, gold was found here in early days."

"Sure it was. My father washed gold right out of Cherry Creek."

"Then, there you are. In digging for this spring, Fink may have struck color and gone ahead, keeping his find secret from every one but Judge Acton."

"But why attack the judge? Why kidnap him, as seems to have been done?"

"That part of the business may have no connection with the secret mine. Fink seems to be an all-around rascal. There is no telling what he may be driving at."

"He is all of that. I don't know him personally, but I do know his reputation. He is no good at all, although of late he has pretended to do a straight business. Do you know, I'd just like to take a hand in with you, to-night."

"Would you, then? Rather a risky business."

"Oh, I don't mind that. I have some fight in me yet. My wife is away, so I don't have to put it up to her. I'm with you, Brady, if you say the word."

"All right, then," replied the old detective, "come ahead, but be prepared for failure. The chances are a hundred to one that we shall find a night shift at the waterworks, and ourselves with our hands full at the very start. Have you a revolver?"

"Yes, in the house."

"Go and get it, then. It is necessary to be prepared." Stover soon returned with the revolver, and he and Old King Brady then went around on Love street. Listening at the gate and hearing nothing, the old detective fitted his false key into the lock, scarcely expecting it to work. It did, however. Cautiously Old King Brady

opened the gate. The building was dark. He could see no one in the yard.

"Well," he whispered, "success seems to attend the first step. Come on, Mr. Stover. We will take the next, which is to get into the building if we can."

CHAPTER IX.—Prisoners Underground.

Harry's efforts to free his hands signally failed, and the coming of night found his situation unchanged. As the evening advanced, he fell asleep, but he had not remained long thus when he was aroused by hearing heavy footsteps. Harry sat up and listened. He had already ascertained that he was in a cave of considerable size, but he had hesitated to attempt its exploration in the dark, hampered as he was. Now he caught sight of a glimmer of light in the distance, and soon he saw Superintendent Baker approaching, carrying a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other.

"Well, young fellow," said the superintendent, in a friendly tone, "I suppose you thought I had forgotten all about you."

"I was beginning to wonder."

"If I had gone back on you? Well, I don't blame you, for it looked that way. It isn't so, however. I expected to be able to get in here before, but it was simply impossible. Now let me untie your hands and you shall have something to eat. You have had a pretty uncomfortable day of it, I suppose?" Harry admitted it. It was an immense relief to have his hands free. The basket was well stocked with provisions. It seemed to Harry that he had never made so good a meal. Mr. Baker said but little while he ate, but after he was through he began to talk.

"Now see here, Kennedy," he commenced, "I am satisfied that you have only told me part of the truth, though I don't doubt that your being locked in that car was an accident, all right. There has been a mysterious disappearance in Denver. Man named Judge Acton. I see by the papers that you Bradys are working on the case. Own up now. You are Young King Brady. You were at work on the Acton mystery when you got nipped in that car. Isn't it so?" It seemed best to admit the truth, and Harry did so without unnecessary words.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Baker, triumphantly. "Now listen. The judge has the reputation of being a very mean man and it is justly so, but as it happens he has been liberal with me and has done me many favors in the past. So much for the judge. Now as to his enemies, it also happens that I am in their employ and my bread and butter depends upon me standing in with them. I am not going to tell you who they are, nor to expose any of the secrets of this place, but I will tell you that the judge lives. He is a prisoner here. The intention is to force him to make a will in his wife's favor, for as it now stands at his death she will be deprived of everything. That will is to be dated back a year, and once the judge puts his name to it his doom is sealed, for if they don't kill him outright they will starve him to death, which amounts to the same thing."

"And you want my help to get him out of this?" questioned Harry.

"That's it, exactly," replied Baker. "For me to move openly in the matter would spell my finish. The man is in wretched shape. He can scarcely stand on his feet. I can't provide you with any help and it is a question how you are going to handle him, but that must be considered later. For to-night I propose to take you to the judge and introduce you. To-morrow we will try and hit upon some plan to get him away. Now follow me." He led the way back through the cave, coming in a moment to a narrow passage, this being followed for a considerable distance, they came upon a heavy iron door. Baker produced a key and unlocked it, remarking, as he did so, that they were in a place of many secrets. As he said it, Harry thought he heard a smothered laugh.

"Did you hear that?" he whispered.

"What?" breathed Baker, turning slightly pale.

"I thought I heard some one laugh."

"I heard nothing. Besides, it is impossible."

"It came just as you remarked that this was a place of many secrets."

"Nonsense! It is just your imagination. There's no chance for any one to hide here unless it is behind the door." He flung it open as he spoke, but there was no one to be seen. A larger cave was now revealed. Somewhere in the distance Harry could hear a heavy pounding as if miners were at work drilling. When this sound ceased he heard water falling from a height. Meanwhile, Baker was hurrying him forward. They continued on until they came to the other end of the cave, where a lantern hung in a little niche. Here there was a table and a chair. In the niche a mattress had been thrown down and upon it lay an elderly man with his head tied up. He was in a deep sleep.

"There lies your Judge Acton," whispered Baker. "You have seen him before, perhaps."

"Never."

"Well, you see him now, what there is left of him. He is a pretty badly used-up man and in my judgment these people are likely to overreach themselves. I don't believe he is going to pull out of this."

"He certainly looks pretty bad."

"Doesn't he? I shall not disturb him. I shall leave you here with him. Make his acquaintance. Encourage him all you can. If you hear any one coming, get back into the cave and hide. I will see you to-morrow and by that time I hope to have fixed up some scheme to get you both out of this. Now I must leave for I may be missed by one who represents the chief actor in this business." He was just turning away when Judge Acton awoke.

"That you, Baker?" he exclaimed, freely, at the same time sitting up.

"As you see, judge," was the reply. "How are you feeling?"

"Badly enough. Who is this man?"

"Judge, he is a detective. I am bringing him here in the hope that he may be of some help to you. I have not forgotten my promise. Help you personally I cannot, but—"

"Baker," interrupted the judge, "I know how you feel. I appreciate your loyalty to me, but, my dear fellow, it is all too late."

"How?" cried the superintendent. "You don't mean to say——"

"That I have signed. Yes."

"The deuce! When was this?"

"Rollins was here about an hour ago. I couldn't stand it any longer, Baker. It was no use, so I gave up and signed the will. This is what comes of being with that wicked woman. I ought to have divorced her two years ago. But I propose to stand to it. After all, what does it matter? I have no children. It is nothing to me what becomes of my money after I am dead."

"I am very much afraid, judge, that you have but a poor understanding of the situation," said Baker, gravely. "What promises did Rollins hold out?"

"I am to be set free in the morning and taken to the hotel at Unionburg Springs. Margaret will be there and, although I shall not see her, she is to look after my comfort and see me nursed back to health again, if such a thing is possible."

"Then let us hope that they stick to their agreement," said the superintendent, "but I can be of no service to you in that regard. If you take my advice, you will make a new will just as soon as you do get free. You are not bound by either law or honor to stand to any agreement entered into with such scoundrels as Rollins and——and company."

"Judge," said Baker, solemnly; "I believe you are deceived. I don't, and can't believe that Mrs. Acton was a party to this plot."

"You deceive yourself," replied the judge. "Who should know my wife if I do not? But, besides that, I have Rollins's word for it."

"As to that, I wouldn't believe him under oath," declared Baker.

"But I must leave you now," he added, "and I am leaving Mr. Brady with you. Remember, he knows nothing of the business here and nothing is to be told him. I have risked my own life in bringing him to you, so be careful."

"I thank you, I am sure, but I don't see what he can do for me," said the judge, and after a little further talk the superintendent left them and went off through the cave in a different direction from the one in which he and Harry had come. The judge now lay down, and for a few moments did not speak. Then he asked Harry how it happened that he was there. Seeing no reason why he should not tell all, Young King Brady did so. The judge immediately sat up and paid close attention.

"And my wife came to you at the hotel and engaged your services?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. She seemed very earnest about it, too. It is all just as I tell you."

"H'm! Those noises next door concern no one but myself. It would be a good scheme if my neighbors would find their own business. As for you, let me tell you, young man, that you have got yourself into a pretty mess. Baker can't get you out of here if he tries, nor can I. The chances are a hundred to one that this is going to cost you your life."

"May I ask how these people came to get you?" inquired Harry, scarcely expecting an answer.

"Oh, they came in by the window," replied the judge. "There is a way which I can't explain. Masked men. They knocked me down and I cut my head terribly. That is where all the blood

came from. I suppose you saw it. Afterwards they drugged me and brought me here."

"But the house was found all locked up, judge. This is what puzzled Old King Brady and me. The windows were nailed down, too, and the doors bolted on the inside. How did they get you out?" The judge seemed amazed.

"Now look here, young man, that's my business," he said. "I nailed those windows and fastened the doors. I was preparing to go on a journey. Take it straight from me that I don't want any detectives meddling with my affairs." He spoke with considerable feeling. Harry felt, on his part, that he was anything but a welcome visitor. There was strained silence for a moment, when, suddenly hearing footsteps and catching a glimmer of light. Harry remarked that he wondered if Mr. Baker could be coming back again.

"It may be somebody else," said the judge. "If you are wise you will make yourself scarce, young man." It seemed good advice, and Young King Brady retreated into the shadows. But it proved to be Mr. Baker back in a high state of excitement.

"Why, look here, judge!" he cried. "The lock has been changed. My key won't work. I begin to think that I have been spied upon and am locked in."

"Nonsense!" snapped the judge. "They would never dare. But go try the other door, Baker. Probably you can get out by the way you came in and take this young man along with you. I don't want him."

"Come," said the superintendent, and Harry followed him through the cave. No word was spoken until they reached the iron door which had been left open. It was closed now, however. Baker inserted his key, which turned the lock all right, but still the door would not budge.

"It's bolted!" said Harry.

"Surest thing you know!" cried Baker, who was now deathly pale.

"Remember the laugh."

"I'm remembering it for all I am worth, young man. They have locked us in with the judge. I have been spied upon and this is the result. They mean to leave us here to starve."

CHAPTER X.—The High Street Mystery Solved.

Old King Brady tackled the door of the spring company's house with his bunch of skeleton keys, and after several attempts succeeded in finding one which would open it. They went inside, and leaving the door unfastened behind him, Old King Brady, with his flashlight, looked up a lantern, which had been left in a certain place, and lighted it.

"We seem to have the premises to ourselves, all right," remarked Mr. Stover. "I don't hear a sound."

"Yes, it is apparently all right so far," replied the old detective, "but we must be very cautious. There may be some one sleeping upstairs. We won't talk." During the day, Old King Brady's attention had been drawn to a certain door at the back of the building, which was always locked, and he felt pretty certain that here, if anywhere,

he was going to find a clew to the secret. He now went to work on the lock and easily found a skeleton key which would master it. A discovery which at once confirmed his theory was the result. For the door concealed a shaft and a hoisting apparatus. There were electric lights here, but the old detective did not venture to turn them on. He leaned over the mouth of the shaft and held his lantern down as far as he could reach, but he could not see the bottom. There was a standing ladder fixed against the side of the shaft. The hoist consisted of two ordinary ore tubs and a windlass, which was intended to be worked by hand.

"Plain case," whispered Stover, obeying the old detective's caution not to speak aloud.

"So it would seem," was the reply. "Let us listen carefully. If we hear nothing we will venture down." Not a sound reached their ears, so Old King Brady descended the ladder, Stover following. And now the mystery of the house on High street was to be explained. For the ladder ended at the mouth of a tunnel, which extended in the direction of High street. A few feet from the bottom of the shaft they came upon the pipe which drew the water from the spring. It extended down into a circular pool, walled about with stone and crossed by a bridge. Further on they came upon a chamber of some size, which had been blasted out of the ledge and through it ran as pretty a quartz vein as one could wish to see. Old King Brady examined it in several places, but could find only traces of gold. Not so with quite a pile of ore which had been blasted out. Much of this was very rich in gold. And here there were mining tools, wheelbarrows and explosives, everything needed for the work. A low tunnel extended further on, following the line of the vein.

"Well, this tells the story," remarked Stover, "but I don't think we can be under the house yet."

"Not yet, but that tunnel will take us there," replied the old detective. He had scarcely spoken when both were startled by noises in the direction from which they had come.

"Listen! They are letting down the tub," whispered Old King Brady. "Brother Stover, we are up against trouble now."

"Surest thing you know! Do we run for it or stand and fight? I'm with you on either count."

"Let us run, by all means, if we can. Let us take to the tunnel, and be quick!" They hurried on, coming presently to the mouth of another and smaller shaft, where there was a ladder. By this time voices could be heard behind them.

"Shoot 'em at sight, whoever they are!" one cried.

"Up with you!" breathed Old King Brady. Stover lost no time, taking the lantern with him. Old King Brady quickly followed.

"Here's the top!" called Stover, in a minute. "There is some kind of queer contraption here—a handle!"

"Work it! Work it!" called the old detective. "It is the road out probably." Just then a light flashed at the foot of the ladder. Three men were there. Old King Brady heard himself addressed by a name which would not look well in print, and instantly a shot was fired.

"Come down out of that! Come down or you're dead ones!" the same voice cried. But Old King

Brady did not wait for the order to be finished. That shot was a miss, but the next one might not be. He fired three in quick succession. It cleared the decks. Some one yelled out that he was shot. "Now you fellows stand from under if you know when you are well off!" shouted Old King Brady.

"I've got it open!" called Stover.

"Up with you, then," replied the old detective, and when his turn came he found himself coming out through the bed of the old heater. The thing was a fake. It concealed a hole in the cellar floor. When Stover pulled on the handle it swung to one side. Waiting only to push it back into place so as to delay their pursuers as much as possible, Old King Brady and Mr. Stover rushed upstairs and out through the basement door to which the old detective had had a key. It was an immense relief to find themselves safely on the street; of course.

"Let's slide into your house, Brother Stover," said Old King Brady. "There is no sense in our being seen. They can't have identified us, I fancy." They were inside within a minute. Listening against the basement wall they could hear their pursuers moving about. Old King Brady jumped to the window, but the men did not show themselves on the street.

"Well," cried Stover at length, "it seems we got there."

"We certainly did," smiled the old detective. "I have formed a habit of getting there."

"I'd just like to know if those fellows are under my property?"

"What good would it do you? If they have located that claim you can't help yourself further than to claim damages. If they haven't, they will probably lose no time in doing so."

"But we have done enough for one night," he added. "Now I am going to bed." On his way back to the hotel, Old King Brady passed through Lowe street. Two rough-looking men were standing at the gate of the spring company's premises. They eyed him sharply, but did not speak. As he passed a drug store on a neighboring corner, which was still open, the old detective saw two men inside, one of whom was having his arm bandaged. Was he the man who had been shot? Old King Brady wondered. But it was all he ever knew about the matter.

"None of my business how many secret mines Judge Acton and his friend Fink work," he said to himself. "The call from Alice is the next thing on the program. To-morrow I go to Unionburg." There was a way-train leaving by that railroad at six the next morning, and Old King Brady caught it, reaching Unionburg at a little before time. Alice was at the station to meet him.

"I felt sure you'd come on this train and not wait for the express," she said, "and it is well that you did. Things have taken altogether an unexpected turn. You want to get to the hotel and see Mrs. Acton right away."

"What! Am I up against that woman again?" laughed the old detective.

"Yes; we were all wrong about her. She is perfectly sincere. She is weak and foolish, but there is nothing crooked about her."

"What's the word?"

"Why, it is like this: She came up here under the name of Fink."

"Her first husband's name."

"Yes, I know now, but I didn't at first. It seems she did that to avoid being questioned about her husband. A man of the same name came yesterday from Denver and joined her."

"Her ex-brother-in-law, so to speak?"

"Yes. They had an interview and it was a very stormy one. I managed to slip into a vacant room next to hers and overheard part of it. It appears that Fink confessed to her that he had kidnapped Judge Acton and was holding him a prisoner until he made a new will in her favor. Mrs. Acton was most indignant. Fink tried to calm her. He offered to marry her as soon as the judge was dead, and intimated that he would put him out of the way. Then the storm burst. Fink fled for his life and managed to get away, which was lucky for him, for she tried to have him arrested. I jumped in, then, and declared myself. I had an awful time with her, for although you may find it hard to believe, she seems to have some affection for her husband still. I told her I had sent for you, and she is most anxious to have us take up the case again."

"And Harry, Alice?"

"Hasn't he turned up yet?"

"No, and no word."

"And I have none. This is getting serious."

"Very, but I have solved the mystery of the house on High street." And Old King Brady went on to explain. He finished his story before they reached the hotel, where Alice at once conducted him to Mrs. Acton's room. That lady received them in her boudoir.

"Mr. Brady, I can't tell you how sorry I am I made such an awful break," she exclaimed. "I suppose dear Miss Montgomery has told you all about it. The idea of me marrying that wicked wretch and being a party to the murder of the judge, who, stingy as he is to other folks, has always treated me liberally enough. I can't imagine what I can ever have said or done to put it into Fink's head that I was that sort of a woman. I never——"

"Did he give you the least hint as to where Judge Acton is?" broke in Old King Brady, trying to steer her onto "Business street."

"I'm coming to that," replied Mrs. Acton. "That's why I wanted so much to see you. I am sure the judge is alive and that he is locked in somewhere near here. He belongs to a whole lot of companies, the judge does. One of them is up here. He used to often come to Unionburg. Some quartz mill. I'm afraid it's crooked; they kept it awful secret. Fink was in it, too. From a remark he dropped yesterday I have an idea that may be the place, but, of course, there is no telling. You see——"

"I'll look it up," said Old King Brady, satisfied that unless he checked her she would never stop.

"I have made such a fool of myself," groaned Mrs. Acton. "I ought not to have written you that letter, but then, you see, I believed what Fink said. Of course, I was an awful fool. The man's a gambler and a crook. My first husband was his brother, Mr. Brady. He never trusted Al. He always said he was the biggest liar in the world, and if there is a bigger one anywhere I

don't know where you will look for him. The idea of him thinking I'd marry him after him killing my husband! Who ever heard of such a thing? This comes of the judge living alone. He couldn't stand me around, but he ought to have had a housekeeper or some woman to keep him straight." There was nothing to be learned from Mrs. Acton that was certain. Tired of listening to her talk, Old King Brady pulled out as soon as he could, taking Alice with him.

"You are wasting time with that woman," he said. "Aside from the judge, we want to get busy on Harry's account. I am satisfied that he has got himself mixed up with these people, and I begin to fear the worst. If this man Fink would murder Judge Acton for his money, he certainly would not hesitate to put the boy out of the way."

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Brady," said Alice, anxiously. "I can't and won't believe that Harry is dead. Think how shrewd he is and how much he has been through with. I don't doubt that he has fallen into trouble, but he will be able to take care of himself, I am sure."

"Let us hope so," replied Old King Brady, "but in the meantime we must act. I am going now to see the proprietor of this hotel to try to learn something of Fink's movements, if he knows the man. Wait for me in the parlor, Alice. I shall return as soon as I can." He was gone some time, however, and when he did return, Alice saw by his face that he felt encouraged.

"You have learned something," she said.

"I have," replied Old King Brady. "It is nothing so very definite, but it is certainly a pointer. The landlord knows Fink only by reputation, but he has heard that the man has frequently been seen in a wild region to the south of here. Coyote Gulch they call it. A place that is so inaccessible that it is rarely visited, and yet it is close to the railroad. He has sent for an old prospector who reported this to him. The man is an oddity. The landlord feels sure that he knows more about Fink's movements than he has told."

"But about this quartz mine which Mrs. Acton says Fink and her husband are both interested in," said Alice.

"There is only one quartz mine in this vicinity, and that is the Blue Jay," replied Old King Brady. "It is a valuable and extensive property and lies in the immediate vicinity of this Coyote Gulch. It is run strictly on business lines. No stock for sale; owned by an English syndicate. It turns out an immense amount of gold by working low-grade ores on scientific principles. According to the landlord, its affairs are kept very close. I can scarcely believe that Fink and the judge are interested in this property, and yet what else brings Fink up here so frequently? It is a problem, but when this wiseacre turns up we may get a point. Let us wait and see." All of which was very wise reasoning on Old King Brady's part, no doubt, but it scarcely relieved Alice's anxiety about Harry. She wanted to be up and doing, but there are times when inaction seems to be a necessity, and this was certainly one of them.

CHAPTER XI.—A Strike for Freedom.

Superintendent Baker was a badly frightened man. That he had good reason to be. Young

King Brady was willing to assume, for whatever else might be said of the superintendent he was certainly a man of much common sense.

"Let us examine this door and see if there is no way of breaking through," suggested Young King Brady.

"Do it, but you will find none," said Baker. "I built these doors myself and I did not build them to be broken down. It is as I tell you, Brady. My taking up with you has brought this thing upon me. They mean to leave me here to starve to death, along with the judge. There is no way out of it unless—" He checked himself abruptly.

"Well," said Harry, "and what about the unless?"

"We will wait and see," replied Baker. "Of course, there is the possibility that I may be wrong. Until I am satisfied that they have actually turned against me I am not giving anything away." And that was the beginning of a long wait. We pass over the dreary hours which followed. All that day, all the next night, half of the following day dragged by—they were waiting still. No one came near them. Young King Brady had tried his hand at both the iron doors, and more than once, but all in vain. Judge Acton slept most of the time; he seemed to have fallen into a mental condition, which dulled his senses.

"They will come to us, they will come," he kept saying. "I have Rollins' promise. I can't believe that he will go back on me. Some oversight. Something has happened. Yes, they will surely come." But they did not come, and the case began to look very serious. Young King Brady made many trips about the cave. All through the day he could hear miners at work in the distance, and once a blast was fired, which brought down great pieces of rock dangerously near their heads. It was during one of these trips that Harry discovered the location of falling water which he had heard when he first entered the cave. It came down through a seam in the rock over in a remote corner. The stream was as big around as a man's body.

It fell from a height of about forty feet, dropping into a narrow rift in the floor of the cave, about twenty feet deep, through which it ran with great swiftness. Harry traced it to a point where it passed in under the rocks and disappeared. What lay beyond? Harry asked himself. He put the question to Baker, but the superintendent did not appear to want to talk about it.

"Brady," said the superintendent, next day, "do you realize that something has to be done or we shall be dead ones before many hours have passed?"

"I do," replied Harry, "and since we can't open those doors I see but one way."

"To what do you refer?"

"The stream. It must have an outlet somewhere. Would it not be possible to follow it in under those rocks? It can't be very deep."

"You have hit it," replied Baker. "It is the only way, and that is what I referred to when I suggested that there might be a way out, yesterday. But I know nothing definite, and in any case we can't take the judge."

"Don't you think, Mr. Baker," said Harry, "that

the time has come for you to speak out and tell me something of this place?"

"It has," replied Baker, "and I am going to do it right now. This is a crooked mine, Brady. That is all there is to it. Judge Acton is in the deal, but the leading spirit is a man named Albert Fink. A third partner is this man Rollins the judge talks about. He is a Denver lawyer and is one of the coldest-blooded scoundrels who ever went unhung. Let me tell you something of the history of this place."

"I wish you would," replied Harry, "and under the circumstances I feel that I have a right to know."

"It is like this," continued Baker: "On the other side of this ridge lies Long Guleh. There, for the last twenty years, an English syndicate have been working a wide quartz vein which is full of low-grade gold ore, running so wonderfully uniform that it has proved immensely profitable. The Blue Jay is a very close corporation, and their operations have been carried on with much secrecy. Once I was superintendent of that mine."

"I begin to understand," said Harry, "and while you acted in that capacity you discovered a way of tapping their vein."

"You have hit it. This cave is one of three. The one adjoining extends far in under the ridge and away over on to the Blue Jay's claim. On one wall the vein lies exposed. This discovery I made by accident, and having made it, I set out to turn it to my own advantage. To this day the Blue Jay people have no idea of what is going on. We have been tapping their vein for the last five years. It was I who organized the company. I did it through Fink. He got the judge into it and through the judge came Rollins. I had no money, so all I could secure was the superintendency and a block of the stock.

"And it has paid?"

"Indeed it has. We built a little quartz mill in a gulch, so completely surrounded by cliffs as to be almost inaccessible, and there is almost no point from which one can look down into it. Yet there is a way in, and by that road all our machinery has been hauled and ore and supplies pass in and out. Rollins had pull enough with the railroad to get them to build a private track, the one over which you came. And in this mill of ours we have not only crushed the ore we have been stealing from the Blue Jay, but we have also handled other ore which comes up from Denver."

"And which is mined right there in the city under a house on High street," put in Harry, for now the truth dawned upon him.

"It is so. Who told you?" said Baker.

"Pieced it out from facts I know and your story," replied Harry. Go on."

"There is little more to tell. That Denver lead is only a pocket. It is about worked out now. Fink discovered it while digging a well in the cellar of a building he owns on the adjoining street. As he could not do anything straight if he tried, he worked it crooked. Judge Acton stood in with him. They made money by the hatful. Now, like all other crooks, they are beginning to turn against each other. You see how they have turned on the judge. Fink wants to get rid of him and to grab his fortune by marrying the

judge's wife. As for me, I draw a big salary and know too much, that's why I have been slated for extermination. Now that's about all there is to it, Brady. Fink and Rollins would either one of them sell his own brother. You can thus see how little we have to hope for. There isn't the least doubt as to what they intend our fate shall be."

"Then all the more reason why we should act now while we have strength left. Where do you imagine that stream would lead us to providing we can follow its course?"

"I haven't the most remote idea. It is a matter I have often wondered about. There are two streams running through Coyote Gulch. Whether this is one of them or not I can't say. The only thing for us to do is to make the try. It may, indeed, bring us directly to our own mill."

"Well," said Harry, "it seems to me we have talked enough. Now is the time for action. Shall we take to the stream and see where it leads us?"

"Yes," replied Baker, "let us do so. We won't say a word to the judge. He is too near a dead one to make it worth while."

"We may as well strip, I suppose, and carry our clothes with us. It is entirely possible that we shall have to swim for it," Baker assented. They undressed and tied their clothes into compact bundles, which each secured to his head. The superintendent then led Harry to a point where the descent into the rift was comparatively easy, and they went down. Harry sounded the water with a stick, while Baker held the lantern. It proved to be about up to his waist.

"Come on," replied Harry. "The sooner we make the venture the sooner it will be over," and he boldly entered this natural tunnel, which was just about high enough to enable him to stand upright. And now the bed of the stream appeared to descend. Not only that, but it narrowed and the water grew deeper. A few feet more and it was up around their necks. Baker had to hold up the lantern to keep it from being submerged.

"This is getting strenuous," he growled. "We shall have to swim for it in a minute."

"Either that or be swept off our feet. It is running twice as fast as it did," Harry replied. They advanced, and the pull of the stream increased, although the depth remained the same. Suddenly Baker vanished, the light going with him. Breathlessly, Harry listened for him to rise, and as he did so his ears caught an ominous sound. It was water falling and apparently from a considerable height. Did the stream take a sudden drop on ahead?

"Baker! Baker!" shouted Harry.

"I am here! I stepped into a hole, I suppose," the superintendent's voice replied. "I am swimming now. We must go back! You hear!"

"I do, indeed! But can we breast the current? It seems pretty strong." Even as Harry spoke his feet slipped from under him. He struggled to recover himself, but the pull of the current was too strong.

"Look out for yourself! I'm a goner!" he cried. There was no answer, or perhaps the roar of the falling water, which had now greatly increased, drowned it. The next instant Harry felt himself falling. He had rolled over the brink. Down he went in the darkness. He was falling into unknown depths.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

At about the same time when Harry and Superintendent Baker started on their perilous journey, Old King Brady, accompanied by Alice and a rough-looking man, left a Denver-bound train at a certain siding in a deep gulch.

"So this is our starting point, is it?" questioned the old detective, looking around.

"This is it, boss," replied the old prospector, who accompanied them, Jim Withers by name. He was the man mentioned by the landlord, by whom he had been introduced to Old King Brady. At first it did not look as if anything was going to come of it. The man admitted that he knew Fink; thought him a pleasant gentleman—that was as far as he would go. But if "money talks," it also has the power to make people talk. Old King Brady told Jim Withers the whole story and offered a hundred dollars for any information which might lead to the discovery of Harry's fate. Then it appeared that Withers did know something of a hidden quartz mill down by Coyote Gulch.

"It's in a regular hiding-hole," he said. "I wasn't never down in thar, for they keep it guarded, but I know what I know and what I know I won't tell, but this much I will do; I'll take you there and point the place out to you, and I reckon I'm the only man you could find who either could or would do it. Further than that, don't ask me to go." And this was all Old King Brady could get out of the man. It was something, however, and there was always the chance that it might lead to something more. So the old detective embraced the opportunity, the place being at no great distance from Unionburg, and here they were.

"It's about a mile to the crik," said Withers. "From a rock there you can see the mill, but I advise you to be keeful. If you are seen by the guard, and they have 'em all around, you'll be shot, surest thing. It hain't no place for a lady, nohow."

"Never you mind me, Mr. Withers," replied Alice. "I am well used to roughing 'em, and as for danger, I never take it into account."

"Follow me," said the prospector, and he started down the track.

It was as wild a scene as can be well imagined. Huge walls of rock towered on either side, a rushing stream swept through the gulch, the track being on a narrow shelf of rock, partly natural and partly hewn out of the cliff by the hand of man.

Presently they came to a place where there was a break in the cliff on the other side. Here the shelf widened out and there was a switch which ended abruptly where the rocks overhung the stream.

"See that switch?" asked Withers.

"Surely," replied the old detective.

"See that hole in the wall over on the other side?"

"I do."

"Well, put this and that together and imagine a bridge across there. Then a freight car could be shunted over. I hain't saying there is no bridge, and that it can be put in place when it's

wanted. I hain't saying that the way to Fink's hidden quartz mill lies down through that there break. I'm only calling your attention to it—that's all. You can draw your own conclusions. Come on."

"I'm going to get all he has to give," thought Old King Brady, "but I must let it come in his own way."

They proceeded about a quarter of a mile further. Here the stream ran underground, and the cliffs on the other side were lower and less steep. Withers led the way up the side, following no particular path, coming presently to a narrow break through which they passed. Now they found themselves looking down into a hole where stood a small quartz mill.

"This is as far as I'll go," said Withers, "but I will wait here till you return if you hain't gone too long. You can sneak down until you can get a good look into the yard around the mill. Maybe you will see your friend working around there if they are holding him a prisoner. I can't say."

"And the guard?" asked Old King Brady.

"Don't know nothing about that," replied Withers. "You are liable to run into one of them anywhere from this on. If they catch you they'll shoot—that's all."

"Well, two can play at that game," said Old King Brady. "Come on, Alice. We must get a closer view of that outfit. It is well to know how to get in there, anyway. We may want to call again."

And they went on down the hill. Beneath ran a rushing stream. It was not the stream which turned the mill, although it might have been a branch of it. Old King Brady called Alice's attention to the fact that it issued from under rocks which marked the end of the rift through which it ran.

"Let us halt here," he said "and take this all in."

He produced a powerful opera glass and adjusting it to his eyes remained studying the scene for a moment, when his attention was suddenly attracted by two men who came running out of the mill. They made for the foot of the cliff.

"We are seen. They are coming after us!" he exclaimed. "Alice, we must beat a retreat."

"Mercy on us! Look! Look!" cried Alice, pointing to the stream just mentioned.

Two men were being swept along with the water. In the clear atmosphere of Colorado it is wonderful how far and how distinctly one can see.

"There's Harry!" cried Alice. "The one ahead."

"You're right," said the old detective, turning his glass upon the pair.

At the same instant a man came out of the mill and stood looking up.

"And that's Fink," said Old King Brady. "Strange. I don't see—"

But even as he spoke, Old King Brady did see something which turned the whole current of affairs. Harry and Baker it actually was. Both were swept over the waterfall there in the dark. If they had fallen on rocks, as Harry never doubted they would, then nothing could have saved them. But it was not so. They landed in a deep pool and were swept on. No attempt was

made to speak. Indeed, the noise of the falls was so great that it would have been next to impossible to have made themselves heard. There was nothing for it but to swim with the current, and in a minute they came out into the glen, emerging from beneath a cliff.

"I know where we are now!" cried Baker. "I never would have believed it. But we shall have to pass the mill, worse luck! We shall be able to land lower down, where the current is not so swift."

He had scarcely said it when there came a tremendous explosion. Deep down in the rift they could not see what had happened, but there was only one conclusion to draw.

"It's the mill!" cried Baker. "But I can't understand it. Our boiler is in a separate building. It could hardly have blown up the mill."

But Old King Brady and Alice had a full view. It seemed to them as if the entire mill rose in the air and then flew into a thousand fragments. Fink was buried under the ruins. Not a soul appeared after it was all over. The two men who had previously run out seemed to be the only ones left alive. They came scrambling up over the rocks at some little distance from Old King Brady and Alice. They did not seem to see them. Old King Brady distinctly heard one say:

"Well, Bill, that did the business. I reckon there'll be no more ore swiped from the Blue Jay for a while."

Harry and Baker soon made their landing and quickly dressed. There was but one thing to do, and that was to climb to the level at any risk. Of all who were in the mill at the time of the explosion not a soul escaped. The only persons they had to encounter were Old King Brady and Alice, who, seeing how the case stood, came hurrying down from the heights above. It was a meeting to be remembered. But it was not until later that they knew what danger Harry had been in. Baker was introduced. Old King Brady told of the two men and what he had overheard.

"Ha!" exclaimed the superintendent, "I know them. They are the last ones we took on. The Blue Jay people have evidently caught on to our curves and took the easiest way to put us out of business. Dynamite did it, that's all."

Perhaps it was so. The Bradys never learned. Baker promptly released Judge Acton, and then disappeared. The Bradys took the old man to Unionburg later and there, strange to say, he made it up with his wife and got well. No talk was made about the case by the detectives. The secret mine on High street was none of their affair. Neither was the wrecked mill in the gulch. They returned to Denver at once and soon left for New York.

Two weeks later there came a check drawn to the order of the Brady Detective Bureau for \$5,000. Perhaps Judge Acton was very close with his money. The Bradys have reason to think otherwise, for the judge's name was at the bottom of that check.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS' CASE IN CHINATOWN; or, TRACKING THE HIP SING TONG."

BILL AND THE BOSS

— Or, —

The Boy Who Saved the Firm

By TOM FOX

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued).

Tom Harris and Carrie then came out and strolled up Fourth avenue to Twenty-third street, where they parted, Carrie going east.

"That's to keep her appointment with you, my boy," said Ned. "We have other fish to fry. See, Tom is heading for Madison Square. It will be cab chase cab in a minute, and there is no telling where the fun is going to end. But something seems to tell me that this is going to be an interesting night."

Before this Ned had found a chance to point out his man to the cabby, who followed him to Madison Square.

Bill, who was watching over Ned's shoulder, saw Harris look back several times.

"That fellow knows that he is being followed," he said. "He is on to our curves, sure."

But Ned only laughed.

"Don't you believe it," he replied. "He's nervous, that's all. Hold on! There he takes his cab."

They had reached Madison Square now.

Tom Harris steered straight for one of the line of cabs by the square, spoke a few hasty words to the driver, handed him up a bill, and jumped in, slamming the door behind him.

"Strange that he should pay him in advance," remarked Bill.

"That's for a quick run," said Ned. "It's all right. Here we go!"

They had the quick run up Madison Square as far as Forty-second street, for the other cab went flying.

It turned down the street and flew up by the Grand Central depot.

Here the driver simply laid down his reins and lit a cigar.

"Why don't he get out?" questioned Bill.

Their own cab had stopped on the other side of the way, a little above, and they could easily see both doors.

Nobody got out.

"Fool! Jackass! Idiot!" cried Ned, working himself up into a rage.

"Who?" asked Bill. "'Tom Harris or the cabman'?"

"Harris nothing! I'm it!"

"But why?"

"Out with you!" cried Ned. "You take the door by the sidewalk and I'll tackle the one toward the street. Take a good look inside."

It was an easy thing to get the look.

The cab was empty.

To Bill's surprise Ned sprang upon the box with the driver, at the same time displaying a detective's shield.

The driver, who had first started to push him back, sat still, puffing away at his cigar.

"Where's your fare?" demanded Ned. "When did he leave the cab? I am an officer. You will save trouble by answering my man!"

"Sure, I'll answer!" chuckled the driver. "It's nothing to see. The feller never stepped in me cab at all, at all. Says he to me: 'Here's five plunks to let me pass troo your cab, and you drive to the Grand Central depot,' he says. Well, I tuk the bill, and he passed troo me cab; and what about dat when I don't know the man from a crow?"

Ned jumped off the box, and motioning Bill, hurried away.

"I'm knocked out," he said. "It's one of my bad breaks. It's up to you now; but let me tell you something. Straight tip, Bill, and no mistake. They intend to lay you out to-night."

CHAPTER XIX.

Caught In A Trap.

Bill followed Ned back to their own cab in silence.

He was saying to himself that even the detective business had to be learned, and the chances were that Ned was only a beginner, when his companion gave utterance to a similar remark himself.

"That's one on me, Bill!" Ned exclaimed. "How they would guy me down at the office. Such an old trick, too. Long, white whiskers adorn its venerable countenance. Well, I am only a beginner. It was just such another break that cost me my job!"

"Who did you work for?" asked Bill. "You haven't told me that yet."

Ned with some hesitancy named a well-known private detective agency.

"You needn't think that I am in any way connected with them now," he said. "I'm a dead one there, and don't you forget it. But never mind, Bill. Let's brace up and think about our next move."

Thus saying Ned lit another cigarette, and stood near the cab puffing it.

"I can't give you any steer," said Bill, "because you seem to know a lot that you haven't told me. You must judge for yourself."

"What I know doesn't amount to so very much," answered Ned. "Of course, I could tell it all out, but it's against the rules of our trade. Let me think! Let me think! Well, I should say that the best thing was to tackle Carrie. I don't see how we are going to get our clue in any other way as matters stand."

"That brings us right back to where we started out," laughed Bill. "Just what I said in the first place. Let's get along."

"We'll walk," said Ned, and he dismissed the cab.

Ned had but little to say as they walked down Third avenue to Twenty-third street.

"Are you going in with me?" asked Bill, when they neared the house.

"No, I think not," was the reply. "If you are not afraid to trust me to watch over you listen to what Carrie has to say, and if she offers to take you to a house where Harris and Mintz are to

meet, and to put you in a place where you can overhear their plottings, you go."

"I'm not afraid," replied Bill. "I'm working for the boss's interests every time. If there is anything to be learned I'm after it."

"Good boy! Here, take this revolver. It's loaded, and you may need it. Remember, I shall be on hand in case of danger. If you hear two sharp whistles that means me. Be foxy, Bill! Be foxy! They are a bad lot, and don't you make any mistake."

Ned in his amateurish way had given his warning too many times, and Bill had ceased to regard it.

He had come to believe that the danger was exaggerated, and he had half a notion to believe in Carris's sincerity, too, as he stood at the top of the steps of the old-fashioned brownstone house waiting for the answer to his ring.

A slatternly girl came presently.

"Top floor front," she said, in answer to Bill's inquiry for Carris Wells.

Bill groped his way up the dark stairs, half expecting to be slugged on the landing; but nothing worse happened than a bump against the banisters. A knock on the room door brought Carrie herself.

"Oh, Bill! I'm so glad you have come!" she exclaimed, smiling sweetly. "I was afraid you would be so down on me that you wouldn't pay any attention to my letter. Come right in. I've got a lot to say."

The room into which Bill was ushered was comfortably, almost elegantly furnished.

Carrie hastily explained that she shared it with another stenographer who was usually engaged evenings, and she placed a chair near the open window for Bill, where Ned, who stood watching on the other side of the way, could plainly see him.

"I suppose you want to know all about it right away," said Carrie. "Men are so impatient. Well, it's hard to tell tales against oneself, but I suppose I have got to do it. The truth is, Bill, I have been engaged for some time to Tom Harris, the salesman of the Arrowsmith Company. You know him, I believe?"

"Yes, I know him," replied Bill, quietly. "Is he the man who is plotting against the boss?"

"Yes, he is. I have found him out, and I have broken with him forever. I don't expect to get my old job back, but I am bound to get square. The long and short of it is, Bill, Tom Harris is bound to get the Bickenfelder agency, and he has about succeeded. I don't deny that I helped him, and that I gave away the boss's figures on different jobs to him so that he could underbid on the contracts. He has been paying Mintz, Wunder's man, big commissions right along. Now that you have managed to work in there some way or another those two have put their heads together, and are bound to down you; but I'll spoil their plans, Bill, if you are man enough to stand with me. I told them I would, and I'll keep my word, too."

Now, we give this as a sample of Carrie's talk.

There was a lot more of it, and after she thought she had interested Bill she worked around to her principal proposition.

According to her, Mintz lived in very humble quarters on the lower East Side, and Harris had

an appointment with him that evening at nine o'clock.

Carrie claimed to have visited the place and to know the ropes.

She declared that she could easily introduce him into a room adjoining the one occupied by Mintz, where through a ventilator which opened into an airshaft he could hear every word that was said.

She added that Mintz was determined to knock Bill out of the breakwater contract and to make him lose the cement already shipped, and she wound up by urging Bill to go with her to the place, overhear the conversation, and report it by letter to Wunder.

It took Carrie a good half hour to talk it all out, and she talked like a steam engine at that.

Not for an instant was Bill deceived. On the contrary, he saw that Ned had been perfectly right; but his curiosity was aroused to see the end of the adventure, and there was just a chance that Carrie had really turned on Harris, for she frankly admitted meeting him on the Battery that evening, and declared that she did so in order to keep him from suspecting her plan.

So, in the end, Bill agreed to accompany her, trusting more to his own confidence in being able to take care of himself than in Ned's promised protection, and they left the house together at about half-past eight o'clock.

As soon as they struck the street Bill looked around for Ned, but he was nowhere visible.

A poorly dressed man shuffled after them on the other side of the way as they walked to First avenue and boarded a downtown Belt Line car.

"Where are we going?" demanded Bill, for as yet Carrie had not mentioned their destination.

"Oh, that's my secret!" laughed the girl in a kittenish way. "It won't do to tell you too much all at once. You'll see when we get there. Trust me. You do trust me, don't you, Bill?"

"Sure," replied Bill, and then Carrie tried her best to start a flirtation, and Bill pretending to respond, it was a regular fencing match between them, until Carrie suddenly sprang up and called to the conductor to stop the car.

They had made several turns and were now running through a wretchedly poor neighborhood in a part of the town of which Bill knew nothing.

Actually they were on Jackson street, and when they left the car Carrie led the way down to Corlears Hook, where the park now is. Making one turn and another, she paused before a ruinous old brick building, the lower floor of which appeared to have been once a factory.

There was a "to let" bill on the door, but there were lights in two of the windows above.

"This is a tough-looking place, Carrie," said Bill. "I should think you would be afraid."

"Not a bit of it," replied Carrie. "I was born in this ward, and I know every inch of it. Mintz lives here. His old father owns the building. They live there together. Mintz has lived here half his life."

"But how can you sneak me in?" asked Bill, beginning to feel afraid.

"Easily enough. I'm expected. You are my escort. The old man is deaf and half blind."

Bill glanced about, hoping to see something of Ned, but the youthful detective was not visible.

(To be continued.)

Interesting Radio News and Hints

A BATTERYLESS RECEIVER

The Unidyne circuit has been developed in England. It is known as the Solodyne. It is designed to eliminate the "B" battery, and apparently the positive of the "A" battery applies a positive charge to an auxiliary grid, which attracts electrons from the filament and forwards them to the positive plate with great velocity.

A QUESTION OF BATTERIES

One of the burning questions of to-day is: Will storage B batteries ever take the place of dry B batteries? Of course the storage battery people are all "yes," while the dry battery people are all "no."

In reality there is much to be said on both sides; and the condition of the fans using storage batteries exclusively is still a long way off. In fact this will probably never occur. In the first place, in thousands of homes there is no electric current suitable for charging batteries of this kind and even in homes where such current is available, many fans would much rather have the plain old-fashioned battery. It is simpler to take care of, and does not have to be recharged.

On the other hand, the dry battery goes dead after a period of time and when this happens it is useless. The storage battery may be charged up again and again, but it has to be filled with distilled water occasionally and it has to be charged up regularly. If the buyer happens to get hold of a poor storage battery, he will have no end of trouble with it. In one case, it was necessary to charge the battery every three days.

Then again we have the fact that the solution used in most storage batteries is certain ruin to rugs and floors, not to mention clothing. This factor alone deters a great many would be users.

There is plenty of room for both types of batteries in the radio game and where experimental work or multi-tube sets are used, a good storage B battery will be hard to beat. It has not the portability of the dry cell, however.

UNTUNED PRIMARY RECEIVER

The construction of a variometer and a variocoupler is nearly the same, the only difference being that the two windings of the variometer are connected in series so as to make one continuous winding, whereas the variocoupler consists of two separate windings. The stator winding of the variocoupler is usually tapped for the purpose of allowing close adjustment of the primary inductance of the circuit.

Many receiving sets are being constructed with untuned primaries at the present time. The meaning of the term "untuned" is that no adjustment is made to the inductance by means of taps or by the use of a variable condenser. This being the case, a variometer can be substituted for the variocoupler in a great many circuits.

The advantage of the use of a variometer in place of a variocoupler* is usually a saving in space, a much easier job of mounting the apparatus and doing away with the messy and inefficient taps, switches and switch contacts. The electrical advantage is that usually one control can be eliminated and tuning made much easier.

The circuit described in this article uses a variometer in which the connection between the rotor and the stator has been severed so as to make the rotor and stator windings separate inductances. The term "split variometer" has been applied to such a piece of apparatus. There are a number of variometers on the market at the present time that are constructed with external binding posts in order to facilitate using the instrument in this type of a circuit.

If your variometers are supplied with but two binding posts for the connections it will be comparatively easy to trace out the winding of the rotor and stator coils and cut the wire that connects the two windings together. Four connections will then result: two to the stator and two to the rotor winding.

To make sure that you have correctly changed your instrument it is advisable to ring through the coils with a buzzer and a battery, or a battery and a pair of headphones in series. Be sure you are right before going ahead.

The tuning element of the circuit is very simply constructed. Secure a piece of pasteboard tubing three inches in diameter and about three and one-half inches long. If small size wire is used you will not need a tube quite so long as this.

The wire used to wind the tuner should be of No. 24 single or double cotton covered wire. Smaller wire may be used if you desire, good results being had with wire as small as No. 30 double cotton covered wire.

Approximately 18 feet of wire will be found necessary to make the tuner.

Beginning about one-half inch from the top of the tube wind on 20 turns of the wire. Secure both ends of the wire by means of a bit of hot sealing wax or by means of two small holes drilled in the tube. Leave a space of about one-half inch and commence the secondary winding in the same direction. Wind on 50 turns and secure the end of the wire as before. Mount the tubing on end and fasten to the baseboard by means of a small brass angle iron.

In addition to the split variometer, the coil and wire, you will need the following apparatus: One 23 plate variable condenser, one single circuit phone jack, one fixed condenser, .00025 M.F., five binding posts, one rheostat and socket for the type of a tube you intend to use, a 7x12 panel, baseboard, tube and batteries.

The circuit will be found exceptionally sharp in tuning and to have good volume and ability to reach out in favorable weather and bring in distant stations. The only tuning controls that are necessary are the variable condenser and the variometer dials. The variable condenser controls the wave-length, the variometer dial the volume.

GOOD READING

SOME QUEER LAWS

According to the by-laws of the Town of Hallowell, Me., adopted Dec. 27, 1828, no person was allowed to smoke or carry a lighted pipe or cigar on any street in the night time, on a penalty of 50 cents, and no team was allowed to stand more than fifteen minutes in the street without paying 50 cents. Also, a person whose chimney caught on fire was fined \$2.

HOTHOUSES UNDER WATER

It is a common experience of bathers, where the water is comparatively still, to find it warmer than the air. This is due, of course, to the heating action of the sun's rays, which are absorbed by the water, the dark heat rays being taken up near the surface, while the visible or light rays penetrate deeply. Such places are always rich in animal life as compared with spots exposed to the waves and currents of the open sea, and sometimes extraordinarily so. A curious example is afforded by the "oyster pools," as they are called, of Norway, where oysters do not grow along the coast generally. In many of the fjords, however, there are little side basins, separated from the outer fjords each by a sill which is covered only at high water. At the surface the water within such a basin is comparatively fresh, but from the depth of about a yard down to the bottom it is very salty and heavy. The summer sun heats the water to the depth of a few yards, but it cools rapidly during the chill nights. At the distance of a fathom or so beneath the surface, however, the heavy and protected water yields little of its acquired heat. When this has gone or for some time the temperature at the depth of two or three fathoms or more may become remarkably high—sometimes exceeding one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, while the surface will fall to less than seventy degrees. This is because the surface layer prevents the escape of the deeper warmth into the air, thus serving the same purpose as the glass roof of a hothouse. In effect that is what such a pool is. In midsummer tropical conditions prevail, and oysters and other species flourish there which could not endure at all the outside conditions so far north. The pools get stocked originally by chance survivals, presumably of eggs or larvæ, of southern organisms drifted north in midsummer.

NATIONAL RIFLE DAY

National Rifle Day will be observed throughout the United States on Saturday June 6.

Plans for the observance of the day have been mapped out by the National Rifle Association and the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice. These plans call for a program of rifle shooting events by every rifle club in the United States on the above mentioned date, and for co-operation in conducting the tournaments by not only the rifle clubs and the National Associations but also by the Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Exchange, Probus, Civitan and other professional business men's clubs, adver-

tising clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Boy Scouts, American Legion, National Guard, United States Army, United States Navy, Colleges and Schools, outdoor magazines and newspapers.

If all of these forces can be welded into one harmonious organization National Rifle Day of 1925 should set a mark that will require a lot of shooting at in coming years to better. This will be the second observance of National Rifle Day. Last year the day was celebrated in no less than 125 cities. That was exceedingly fine for a beginning but this year there is no reason why every one of the 2000 rifle clubs in the United States should not conduct a series of events, not why every city or town in which there is no rifle club should not put on a tournament. Every city should be interested from the standpoint of civic pride.

The National Rifle Association has drafted a program which will be sent to every rifle club, to every Adjutant General, to all branches of the service and to any one else who desires it. Complete details will be given in this folder on how to run the shoot and how to carry it through.

The United States has the best riflemen in the world. This was proven by our wins in the International, Olympic and Pan-American championships of 1924, but though we have the best we do not have anywhere near the number of marksmen some other nations have. We have quality but not quantity. We should have both. The idea behind National Rifle Day is to encourage a greater interest in the sport of Riflery so that this ambition will be realized.

Quite naturally considerable stress is being given to events for youngsters for our shooters of tomorrow must come from the youth of today. One of the events on the suggested program is a Junior Championship—the champion of each city being sent to Camp Perry, Ohio; as the representative of that city in the National Junior Championship match. The expenses of this youngster is defrayed by the civic organizations of his city. Forty youngsters were sent to Camp Perry by different cities last fall and a New Jersey youth brought home the honors. We are firm in the belief that no less than 200 cities will send representatives this year.

Every one should know how to shoot a rifle and if every sportsman will do what he can through National Rifle Day we can—

Make America Again a Nation of Riflemen.

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FROM ALL POINTS

A GIANT TREE

What is believed to be the largest rubber tree in the world stands in the Brazilian territory of Acre, on the frontier of Bolivia. Its stem is 27 feet 2 7-10 inches in circumference at the base. For 120 days every year this colossus gives twenty-two pounds of rubber a day. At present prices this brings in \$2,100 a year, or a fair interest on about \$50,000 to its owners, a family of seven Seringueiros.

A FLOATING STATION

Preliminary tests to determine the feasibility of operating a floating broadcasting station on Lake Michigan during the Summer months will begin shortly, when a party of radio experts under the direction of W. E. Newman, Chief Engineer of the Mohawk Electric Corporation, who are conducting the tests, leave Chicago Harbor in a power-boat fitted out with special electrical laboratory equipment for a short cruise on the lake. The exact date of departure, and the length of the trip, depends of course, on ice conditions of Lake Michigan.

Discussing the project, Mr. Newman said, "We are merely going out to investigate the possibility of a floating broadcasting station.

"We believe that the trend of the larger stations toward getting away from the cities out into the open country will continue."

FISH CARRY THEIR OWN TORCHES

Among the marvels of the life at great ocean depths are the mysterious, self-illuminated fish, provided with light furnished by their own bodies. One of the important researches of the Beebe expedition to the Sargasso Sea will be directed toward solving the problem of the production of this luminosity.

Five-sevenths of the earth's surface has never been explored. This represents the vast area covered by the oceans. While oceanography embraces quite a wide field of investigations of the

resources of the sea, one of its most interesting and fascinating branches is dredging and trawling on the ocean floor, hauling up the strange and fantastic-looking creatures dwelling several miles below the surface. The physical features of these abysmal waters cause the sea life to adapt itself to many adversities.

Among the remarkable types are those that can be aptly termed deep sea electricians with organs for projecting light. They are super-adepts in radiant illumination. Neither sun nor moon lends them light. Yet, at will, equipped with their mysterious internal dynamos, they can create ample floods of light to serve their purposes.

One wonderful specimen, brought up from a depth of three sea miles in the Pacific Ocean, carries a lantern. It is provided with a rod which is hinged so that its tip can be swung immediately over its back or in front of the mouth. At the end of this rod is a luminous lure, or searchlight.

This enables the fish to blaze a pathway, avoid foes and capture prey. Carrying brilliant lamps, they plow through the waters like flaming torches, and light up the dark depths.

Some of the deep swimmers have long rows of lights on each side of the body and resemble little ships with shining portholes, which pass in the night. In most deep sea fish their lamps or searchlights can be turned on or off at will.

LAUGHS

He—you only kiss me now when you want money. She—Good gracious, John, isn't that often enough?

"So Miss Passay is angry with her doctor. Why is that?" "He tactlessly remarked that he would soon have her looking her old self again."

Lawyer—Want a divorce, eh? On what grounds? Mose Possum—Incompracticability of tempermentality. I like to fish and she don't like to wash.

"If those California women run for office do you think they would be guilty of purchasing votes?" "Not unless they got green trading stamps with them."

Visitor—So I belong to the animal kingdom, do I? That's right, my little dear. I see you know your lessons. Now, tell me what kind of an animal I am. Candid Child—Ma knows, and she says you're a cat.

Lover—You are getting prettier every day. Sweet Girl—Just now I am living on brown bread and water, to improve my complexion. "How long can you keep that up?" "Oh, indefinitely." "Then let's get married."

"I hear you have discontinued the custom of giving young clerks a raise when they take a wife?" said the visitor. "I have, indeed!" replied the great merchant. "Why so?" "Well, the last clerk was a Mormon, and came for a raise four times in a month."

HERE AND THERE

ONE CAR PER HORSE

There is now an automobile for every horse in the United States and at the close of 1925 the auto will have a decided numerical edge on the horse. Ten years ago there were nine horses to one automobile.

PAYS CENT INCOME TAX

Marie O. Tulles's income tax for 1924 is one of the smallest, if not the smallest on record. To be precise, it is seven and one-half tenths of 1 per cent. To be exact, she owed the Government .007 of a cent. Actually she paid one cent.

Miss Tulles is a clerk in a Los Angeles cake shop. She spent 10 cents carfare when she went to the office of Collector Goodcell to file her income return and pay her tax. Deputy Collector Lovie tried to eliminate 70 cents which the return showed to be taxable. He wanted to save the Government some \$70 worth of bookkeeping arising from payment of the tax.

"No, I want to pay my tax," Miss Tulles said. "How are you going to pay .007 of a cent?" the collector asked.

"Just like this," declared Miss Tulles, as she laid down a nice new penny. "Never mind the change."

NEW HOTEL FOR PALM BEACH

Plans for a hotel twice as large as any now in Palm Beach, Fla., at a cost of from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000, are being made by Addison Mizner, internationally known architect here. The hotel will be located on the ocean front fourteen miles south of Palm Beach and is said to have the backing of a syndicate of New York hotel men.

Mr. Mizner declined today to name the persons backing the project. He admitted, however, that negotiations are under way for the purchase of 900 acres of land near Boynton, where the hotel will be built. It will be designed upon Spanish monastic lines, he said. Adjoining the hotel will be two golf courses, tennis courts, a bathing casino and a fishing pier.

Construction work, Mr. Mizner said, probably will be started next Fall. A building containing a thousand rooms will be erected at once and another thousand rooms will be added later.

WIND CAVE

Wind Cave, National Park, in the Black Hills, about twelve miles from Hot Springs, is on the Deadwood-Denver scenic highway—the "Triangle D" road of the West.

Wind Cave enthusiasts claim that this cavern excels the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in splendors and in extent. Half a dozen Government surveys have been made in the park, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. These and various private exploring expeditions that have been organized have accounted for some ninety-six miles of the recesses of Wind Cave, but there are hundreds of passage-ways that have never been explored. No one knows to what depths they lead, or how far under the Black Hills they may take the explorer. The average visitor to

Wind Cave, National Park, travels from six to ten miles under ground and comes forth into daylight realizing that he has seen but a small fraction of this great cavern.

Wind Cave takes its name from the strong current of air which almost constantly surges in or out of the entrance. It is said that this led to the discovery of the cave in 1881.

Many explanations as to this mysterious rush of air at the entrance to Wind Cave have been advanced. Some have claimed that the rise and fall of mysterious lakes, many hundreds of feet under ground, where no exploring party has yet penetrated, are the cause of these air currents. A more generally accepted theory, however, is that the air pressure outside is the cause of it all. The cave is a huge barometer, responding to every change.

DOG AFTER SAVING 33 LIVES RETIRES FOR LIFE

This dog has the record of saving thirty-three human lives by his unaided efforts; he is Rufus, the dog of the desert. The wonderful dog is now at a small animal sanatorium in the country a little way out from Pasadena, Calif.

Here at the age of seventeen years, twelve of which were spent in the saving of human life on the scorched sands of southern California and Arizona deserts, and now almost blind and deaf, this most faithful friend of mankind is spending his declining years surrounded by all the care and comforts that science and kind hands can give.

He is a medium-sized dog with a reddish coat of hair, rather long and inclined to curl; he has a sober and very earnest expression and a very kind disposition. His attempts in his present condition to play with and respond to the small children who visit the sanatorium, with whom he is a great favorite, are touching.

He was born in Nome, Alaska, and was picked up there when a puppy by L. W. Beck, of Pasadena. For twelve years the man and dog were constant companions on the desert, daily excursions out on the waste of sands in search of lost humans. During that time both are accredited with having saved the lives of 300 persons.

On these trips the dog wore leather boots made especially for him to protect the soles of his feet from the hot sand, the rough stones and cactus thorns. He carried a forty pound pack strapped to his back when on these trips the entire twelve years of his work daily. In the pack was a flask of water and food.

Carrying this pack, he would make wide detours and on finding any one in distress would arouse them by tugging at their clothing, barking, or by licking their hands and face, when the distressed person would then partake of the water and food.

Rufus would then keep watch near by, barking loudly until his master came, who carried poison bite antidotes and restoratives, for many who were found had been bitten by poisonous reptiles. Others who were not in a bad way were led out of the desert to the master's cabin.

POINTS OF INTEREST

A NOVEL SITUATION

English mistresses of suburban homes are finding a wireless set invaluable in the kitchen, as the solution of the ever present problem of how to keep servants. They have found that many cooks and maids would rather have a radio than have their evenings out.

12,228 ELECTRIC SIGNS BELOW 135TH STREET

In the Great White Way and the rest of Manhattan below 135th Street there are 12,228 electric signs, using 1,121,223 lamps, it was revealed yesterday by a census made public at the Electric Sign Exhibit of the New York Edison Company.

Restaurants lead with 2,381 signs and barber shops come second with 904. Theatres rank seventh with 522.

Most of the lamps, contrary to appearance, are small, 987,185 being of the 10-watt size.

BEGGED \$20 IN 30 MINUTES

Beggars on Fifth Avenue, Broadway and other shopping thoroughfares in New York frequently collect \$50 a day, according to statements made in the Essex Market Court when Hester Sampson, a legless negress, and William McCarthy, a negro, were arraigned as mendicants.

McCarthy said he was paid \$2.50 a day and a commission on all money over \$60 collected by the woman, for pushing her about in a wheel chair. Detectives Snyder and Patton watched the pair for half an hour the other morning and in that time the woman collected \$20.65. She was sent to Bellevue Hospital for observation and McCarthy to the workhouse for ten days.

"SPANISH PRISONER," HUNTED 50 YEARS NOW IN JAIL

General Ramon De Santa Clara, sometimes Rafael De Santos and again just R. De S., but internationally known as the "Spanish prisoners," who victimized many Americans, at last has been jailed. His arrest ended a fifty-year police hunt and is said to have given the swindle story he told its first element of truth.

A report to the State Department said the "general" had been caught in Madrid and was for the first time in his career actually a prisoner.

The "Spanish prisoner" posed as a bankrupt, imprisoned on that charge and possessing a fortune of \$360,000 in American money concealed somewhere in a portmanteau with a secret pocket. From persons who offered to assist him in the recovery of his fortune on promise of a reward of \$120,000, with a cash advance from the victim always stipulated, he is said to have reaped a fortune for himself.

MANY HAVE WON CUE TITLE

Francis S. Appleby's victory in the national Class A amateur 18.2 balkline billiard championship tournament at the Crescent Athletic Club recently gave him the title for the first time. He succeeds his brother, Edgar, who won the crown for the second time in Pittsburg last year. Besides Edgar Appleby, three other players have captured the championship more than once. Edward W. Garner of Newark, won the title three times, 1910, 1914 and 1916; Joseph Mayer of Philadelphia held the championship in 1913 and 1915 and Percy N. Collins of Chicago was the victor in 1920 and 1923.

The winners of the title during the sixteen years that the tournament has been held follows:

- 1909, H. A. Wright, San Francisco.
- 1910, Edward W. Gardner, Newark.
- 1912, Morris D. Brown, Brooklyn.
- 1913, Joseph Mayer, Philadelphia.
- 1914, Edward W. Gardner, Newark.
- 1915, Joseph Mayer, Philadelphia.
- 1916, Edward W. Gardner, Newark.
- 1917, Nathan Hall, Boston.
- 1918, Corwin Huston, Detroit.
- 1919, David McAndless, Chicago.
- 1920, Percy N. Collins, Chicago.
- 1921, Charles H. Heddon, Dowagiac, Mich.
- 1922, Edgar T. Appleby, New York.
- 1923, Percy N. Collins, Chicago.
- 1924, Edward T. Appleby, New York.
- 1925, Francis S. Appleby, New York.

THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

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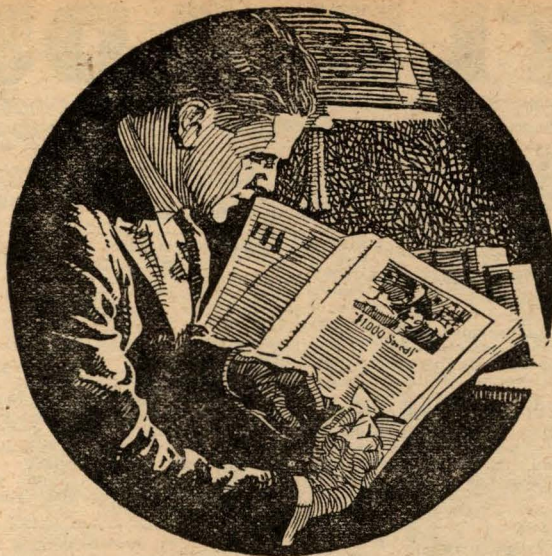
- 1246 " Flush Times; or, Reveling in British Gold.
- 1247 " Prize and How They Won It.
- 1248 " Great Haul! or, Taking Everything in Sight.
- 1249 " in a Snare; or, Almost Trapped.
- 1250 " Brave Rescue; or, In the Nick of Time.
- 1251 " Big Day; or, Doing Business by Wholesale.
- 1252 " Net; or, Catching the Redcoats and Tories.
- 1253 " Worried; or, The Disappearance of Dick Slater.
- 1254 " Iron Grip; or, Squeezing the Redcoats.
- 1255 " Success; or, Doing What They Set Out to Do.
- 1256 " Setback; or, Defeated But Not Disgraced.
- 1257 " in Toryville; or, Dick Slater's Fearful Risk.
- 1258 " Aroused; or, Striking Strong Blows for Liberty.
- 1259 " Triumph; or, Beating the Redcoats at Their Own Game.
- 1260 " Scare; or, A Miss as Good as a Mile.
- 1261 " Danger; or, Foes On All Sides.
- 1262 " Flight; or, A Very Narrow Escape.
- 1263 " Strategy; or, Outgeneraling the Enemy.
- 1264 The Liberty Boys' Warm Work; or, Showing the Redcoats How to Fight.
- 1265 " Push; or, Bound to Get There.

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"The Best Hunch I Ever Had!"

"It happened just three years ago. I was feeling pretty blue. Pay day had come around again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend my life checking orders at a small salary.

"I picked up a magazine to read. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month for years I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—*yes, every word!*

"Two million men, it said, had made that coupon the first stepping stone toward success. In every line of business, men were getting splendid salaries because they had torn out that coupon. Mechanics had become foremen and superintendents—carpenters had become architects and contractors—clerks *like me* had become sales, advertising and business managers because they had used that coupon.

"Suppose that I . . . ? What if by studying at home nights I really could learn to do something besides check orders? I had a hunch to find out—and then and there I tore out that coupon, marked it, and mailed it.

"That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

"In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And I've been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed

manager of our Western office at \$5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had."

For thirty years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! All we ask is the chance to prove it.

Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon. Do it right now!

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

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AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" shirts for large Manufacturer, direct to wearer. No capital, or experience required. Many earn \$100 weekly and bonus. Madison Corp., 501 Broadway, New York.

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The proposed ship will have a gas capacity of more than 5,000,000 cubic feet, twice as great as either the ZR-3, now christened the Los Angeles, or the Shenandoah. Officials have not definitely determined whether the dirigible will be constructed for commercial or governmental purposes.

The dirigible would be equipped with a passenger cabin hanging from the keel of the vessel, with a promenade deck and steamer chairs, comfortable berths, dining room service, shower baths and all other modern conveniences.

SURNAMES

Surnames as family names were unknown before the middle of the 11th Century, except in rare cases where a family "established a fund for the deliverance of the souls of certain ancestors (Christian names specified) from purgatory," although some philologists claim that surnames began to be adopted in England about 1000 A. D., coming mainly from Normandy, and it is now known that a few Saxons had surnames originally designating occupations, estate, place of residence, or were based upon some particular event that related to person or on personal peculiarities, as William Rufus, John Lackland, Edmund Ironsides, Robert Smith, or William Turner, and were consequently derived from mere epithets. Another class of surnames patronimic, indicating of whom the person bearing the name is a son. In this latter class belong the numerous names like Johnson, Thompson, Williamson, etc. This form of surname prevailed especially in Scandinavian countries and survived in Denmark until the middle of the 19th Century when it was replaced by the system of family names.

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